

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## BRITANNIA TO JAPAN.

Over and over the broad earth's breast,  
 Over and over the main,  
 From the Isles of the East to the Isles  
 of the West  
 There is welded a golden chain.

Over the hundred years gone by  
 Voices are borne on the sea:  
 "Ye have warred our war, ye have  
 cried our cry,  
 Ye have conquered, even as we."

Tyranny darkened our Western light  
 ('Twas a hundred years ago),  
 When our fathers sailed for the fateful  
 fight,  
 And struck the all-saving blow.

Tyranny grasps at your Island throne,  
 Darkens your realm of the Sun;  
 But your signal to-day has been Nel-  
 son's own,  
 And his word on your warships won.

Ye have learned our lore of the glorious  
 seas,  
 Ye have proved it pure and true;  
 But your faithful vigil, your scorn of  
 ease—  
 God grant that we learn them of you!

Over and over the broad earth's breast,  
 Over and over the main,  
 From the Isles of the East to the Isles  
 of the West  
 There is welded a soul-wrought  
 chain.

*Ernest Myers.**The Spectator.*

## RENAISSANCE GENTLEMEN.

O not for that they ought  
 They fought when they fought,  
 But they fought for the splendor of the  
 fight!  
 And they wedded while they wooed  
 Ere the fury of their mood  
 Went out in the blackness of the night.

O boldly led they then  
 The life of living men

In their glory, their bravery and pride!  
 They were cruel and strong  
 On the right side and the wrong,  
 And gallantly, gallantly they died.

*Anodos.**The Academy.*

## A BALLADE OF VERSEMAKING.

Out of the bottomless Ocean rift,  
 The dumb, dead glooms and slimes  
 of it,  
 The sunlight beckons the aimless drift,  
 And the moon bespeaks the times  
 of it:  
 And the stormwind saws at the thun-  
 dering strings,  
 Till the breakers bellow the chimes  
 of it—  
 The close-wrought song that the Ocean  
 sings,  
 With racing ripples the rhymes of it.

Out of the flaming firmament,  
 The ringing, singing mint of them,  
 The scarlet fades and the stars are  
 spent  
 One after one the glint of them:  
 And clear glow here the patterned  
 words,  
 And dim is there the hint of them,  
 The hieroglyphs of beasts and birds,  
 For God to read the print of them.

Out of the wonder of Death and of  
 Life,  
 Whatever stings or stirs of it,  
 Splendor of loving, splendor of strife,  
 The steadfast or perverse of it,—  
 The blessing or the curse of it,—  
 The better or the worse of it,—  
 There is no Word that is spoken to  
 Man,  
 But Man shall make his Verse of it.

*Envoy.*

Princess: this song has an idle tune,—  
 You must not deem the worse of it:  
 For it sang in my heart for an hour of  
 June,  
 And You were mother and nurse of it.

*Sydney Olivier.**The Saturday Review.*

## HISTORICAL ETHICS.

BY THE LATE BISHOP CREIGHTON.

I found the manuscript of this lecture among Dr. Creighton's papers, too late for it to be included in the volume of his "Lectures and Addresses" published in 1903. I have no remembrance of when or where it was delivered. But internal evidence shows that it must have been written some time after the Queen's first jubilee in 1887, and whilst the thought of his correspondence with Lord Acton concerning his criticisms of vols. III and IV of the "History of the Papacy" was still fresh in his mind. This correspondence is printed in "Life and Letters of Dr. Creighton" (I, 369-376). The letters there given show a fundamental difference of point of view with regard to historical judgments, a difference emphasized by a comparison of the opinions expressed in this lecture with the opinions of Lord Acton, which may be gathered from the "Letters of Lord Acton and Mary Gladstone" (1904). Both men were alike in their conception of the paramount importance of liberty, both were alike in the value they attached to sound knowledge; but it would seem as if Dr. Creighton's practical experience of life as a teacher and as a pastor of souls had compelled him to feel the need for a gentler, a more understanding judgment of human frailty than that advocated by Lord Acton. He felt compelled to admit degrees of criminality; "otherwise history would become a dreary record of wickedness."

Many have misunderstood Dr. Creighton in this matter. He is still spoken of as "having tried to defend the Borgias." Any one who carefully reads the "History of the Papacy" will see at once that there was no attempt to defend the Borgias; there is only an absence of that passionate condemnation

which is common to most people when the name of Borgia is mentioned. Dr. Creighton's desire was really to understand what kind of men they were, not merely to hold them up to condemnation. He said of the spirit in which he approached those about whom he wrote, "I try to put myself in their place, to see their limitations, and leave the course of events to pronounce the verdict upon system and men alike."

The question of the nature of historical judgments, and of the kind of lessons which can be learnt from history, was always of great interest to him. I think his attitude can best be understood by realizing that to him the study of history was only part of the study of life, and must be approached in the same spirit. The moral law is inflexible, the moral standard may never be lowered; but, in applying these to individual men, whether in the past or in the present, he could never forget that they were men like himself, and that his first business was to understand them—an end which could not be attained without sympathy. His ideas on the subject are further developed in his Hulsean lectures on Persecution and Toleration, and in a lecture on Heroes delivered to the Social and Political Education League in 1898.—*Louise Creighton.*

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Students of history have still much work to do before they succeed in asserting for their study its due position. Something has been done in claiming that history is a science and not a form of literature; but to the general reader this is still a hard saying. He exclaims that he goes to history for a picture of the past; and is more clamorous that

he should have a picture than heedful about its likeness to what it professes to represent. If he accepts a generalization he desires it to be broad and epigrammatic. Its application to his own opinions interests him more than its truth. He is impatient of the complexity of human affairs, and comes to history in the same spirit as he goes to a political meeting, with his mind made up on which side he is going to shout.

I suppose that all of us who are working at history have to pursue our work patiently, with a view to extract from the past its lessons for the present. Our object is teaching, not amusement; we are studying the evolution of human society, not seeking dramatic incidents; we are not so much concerned with the personal character of kings and statesmen as with the result of their actions. If a man wants a greater psychological knowledge than his own experience gives him, I think we had better refer him to dramas and novels than interpret our chronicles or our state-papers so as to convince him that we could rival Shakespeare or George Elliot if we chose. The temptation to indulge in purple patches may beset us, but I think that it is a temptation to be withstood. Imagination is a dangerous aid to truthfulness. It is difficult to draw a striking scene without a lavish imputation of motives; and a character once created for a dramatic purpose has to act ever afterwards up to the spirit of its part. Moreover, it is easier to arouse popular interest by historical gossip than by history itself. A new view about the matrimonial proceedings of Henry VIII seems almost impossible; but Mary Queen of Scots is still an exciting subject. Yet nothing depends on the relations of Mary to Rizzio or Darnley or Bothwell; her policy in Scotland is not very difficult to discover, and on that her historical importance depends. Perhaps more is

to be known of her character by careful study of her public actions than by speculations about the genuineness of the Casket letters; but it is difficult to persuade people of the fact. The proportions of historical events are frequently distorted by the mass of prurient gossip which gathers round some of the actors.

This brings me to the point on which I would invite your discussion. I assume that we are agreed that history is a science, and as such is concerned with the development of human society. Human society is very complex, and the study of its development is a large matter. In its fullest sense history would be indeed architectonic. It would show how the world came to be what it is; it would exhibit the sum total of man's activity; it would determine the causes of failure and success in the past; and by its analysis would go far to establish the true principles of progress. I think that any historical student need not regret having such an ideal before him, however much he may feel his own inability to come near it. There is no study which requires such a large and varied training; and there is no study which is engaged in with such scanty preparation or is oftener the object of the prentice hand.

But I am again digressing. I spoke of the ideal end of history only to admit that this ideal was unattainable. No man is sufficient for these things; but yet he should have some sort of aspiration after them. The mere drudgery of historical research renders it especially necessary that the worker should have some nobility of aim to support him in the mass of wearisome details. He should work with the spirit of a teacher.

I suppose there are two main objects which a teacher should have before him—the increase of wisdom and the increase of virtue. It is sufficiently clear that a history, to be worthy of the



name, must teach wisdom. The historical spirit is, above all things, practical; it deals with the actual facts of life, and no episode of the past is devoid of teaching for the present. There is not so much difference after all in the political and social problems of all ages; men have always striven for some real or imagined good; and, when we understand the conditions of their problems, we can sympathize with their efforts towards their solution, and we can learn, I think, pretty nearly in an equal degree, from a study of any period in the past, much that is of practical utility. I doubt if any one period or any one crisis is more useful than another in teaching political wisdom or fitting a man for public life. What is needful for that purpose is the power of discerning between the real issues and their accidental forms, the sense of the complexity of political problems, the estimate of the forces at work and of the means by which these forces can be directed. And these things may be discovered at any period of the history of any country.

So wisdom, to a greater or less degree, may be always learned from history. But how about virtue? In other words, is history primarily a political science, or primarily a moral science, or is it both in an equal degree? I imagine that we should all like to give the last answer, which doubtless could be easily given, but has some difficulties in its practical application. The teaching of the historian ought to be definite, but I think it ought not to be too apparent. As regards political wisdom, if a historian is a convinced partisan of a political party he runs the risk of emphasizing in the past accidental agreements with the ideas of the present. I remember being startled by my college tutor when I was an undergraduate. He spoke of Grote's "History of Greece" as "Grote's little pamphlet on democracy," and added, "he is so con-

scientious that you can correct for yourself the bias displayed in the text by reading the quotations in the notes."

I will not discuss the question whether or no this was a fair criticism of Grote; but I think that historical works of the past generation live, not by virtue of the emphasis which they tried to give to particular points of political wisdom, but by virtue of the thoroughness of their workmanship. The historian who lets events speak for themselves, and allows their lessons to write themselves in all their gravity is more emphatic than one who is always at our elbow like an over-officious *cicerone*. No doubt the *cicerone* has his immediate reward, but it is generally contributed by those who did not come to learn, but to stare and pass on vacantly. One formula which sums up much of the activity of our own day is that it is an age of an awakened conscience in matters relating to society and politics. The demand for moral teaching from history is strenuous; and I think that there are more difficulties in satisfying the demand than is generally supposed. I do not see how we can refer any one who is in search for direct example of life or instruction of manners to the study of history as likely to supply his needs. It is still left for an ideal republic to show that the good man is identical with the great statesman. Actual facts show us the wicked flourishing like a green bay-tree and the righteous too often forsaken. Men do not like to admit this, and the endeavor to escape from the admission has led to many interesting experiments in historical presentation.

On one side it has created a school of history which advocates the omission of the personal element, and a preference for the history of ideas or principles. The conscience is satisfied by a general conception of progress; and the crimes of the past are reduced to mistakes. A genial optimism and a gen-

eral belief in ourselves is the net result. I do not quarrel with it, but I merely wish to point out its limits. It rests upon a careful selection of topics for consideration; it deals mainly with under-currents unrecognized at the time; it postulates what it wants to find and then proceeds to discover it; it raises up unknown heroes and is fruitful of prophets. But ideas were always plentiful; men's minds are always active; the moral code was always known; it is more wonderful that obvious ideas did not prevail sooner than that they prevail now. It is the causes that hindered them so long that we want to know, more than the fact that they ultimately won their way to recognition. I do not think that the optimism which comes from congratulating ourselves on our superiority over the past is very long-lived or is very fruitful of results.

Still this optimism has had a powerful effect on the modern presentation of English history; and the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee has quickened the consciousness of national rectitude. Different nations write their history in different spirits. The French take a cynical delight in exaggerating periods of national depravity and unveiling the vices of their statesmen and their rulers. The Germans seek in the past for something grandiose and *grossmüthig*. The English, I am afraid, are somewhat hypocritical, and are unwilling to contemplate their ancestors as being other than the respectable and orderly citizens of to-day. Morality is imported wholesale into English history, and quiet decency is made to prevail universally. This tendency to blink unpleasant facts seems to hamper our political influence in Europe even now. I remember a caricature in the "Kladderadatsch" which represented John Bull standing on the ruins of Alexandria and shaking his fist at the French fleet sailing for Madagascar, while he exclaims, "Ach, Barbaren!"

In some such way the English historian is given to assuming in the past virtuous motives in Englishmen and vicious motives in foreigners. I think there is often an unconscious leaven of hypocrisy in the presentation of English history by English writers.

Another mode of overcoming the moral difficulty is the bold assumption that men succeeded because they were in the right, and therefore that successful men were moral heroes. But this method necessitates a transcendental morality which does not help the ordinary man very much. A hatred of shams and a search for eternal verities is rather a loose formula, which may be made to cover anything. Its acceptance justifies resoluteness and force and dulls the sensitiveness of conscience, which it is the object of true morality to promote. It goes far to destroy historical morality altogether under the pretence of maintaining it.

I have said enough to show the difficulties which beset the moral treatment of history; and it is easier to point out difficulties than to suggest any means of overcoming them. To any one with a lofty moral standard, history tends to seem a dreary record of crimes, and its examples are only useful as showing us what to avoid. But it may be doubted if the counsels of pessimism are not equally dangerous with the counsels of optimism. Perhaps it is best to make a compromise. You see that after all I fall naturally into the vices of English modes of thought and propose a compromise. I cannot hope that such a proceeding will be entirely satisfactory; but at least it has this redeeming feature, that it recognizes the difficulty instead of shirking it.

Individual morality is sometimes driven, in spite of its own devices, to admit of casuistry in facing the complications of actual life. The highest natures avoid the need of casuistry by simplifying their conduct, so that they

do not fall into straits between contending obligations. The ordinary man cuts the knot for himself by assuming that one obligation is undoubtedly supreme; thus Englishmen are famous for preferring verbal truth to any search for abstract justice, though I imagine that they make many exceptions, as, for instance, in selling a horse. However much we may dislike casuistry, and try to minimize it in our own case, it cannot be entirely got rid of. What we have to aim at is that its exercise should not weaken the moral sense, that its basis should be intelligible, and that it should not be pursued to undue refinements. I think that we have in history to temper our moral judgments by some considerations of casuistry if we would avoid wholesale condemnation. The life of a statesman is always complicated, and he cannot simplify problems at his pleasure. He is perhaps responsible for his choice of a profession. Kings, it ought to be remembered, had not even that amount of responsibility. They could not refuse their office, in many instances, without causing much inconvenience. Still, even if we saddle kings and statesmen with the primary responsibility of choosing to be kings or statesmen, we must admit that after they have taken office they have very little choice in the questions which they have to face.

I remember once hearing an English cabinet minister condense his opinion of political morality into the remark that if the peoples of Europe knew what their statesmen were really doing, they would rise and hang the whole lot of them. In the Middle Ages it was a question for discussion "whether or no an archdeacon could be saved." The doubt arose on account of the legal cleverness which an archdeacon acquired through his training in the civil law. It would seem that nowadays the problem has been

extended beyond its medieval limits. Can a statesman be saved by any means? is the enquiry of the awakened conscience of to-day. I am afraid that if we are to save him it must be by making considerable allowance for his unfortunate position. I do not see how we are to say that the constitutional statesman of to-day is to be justified, while the kings of previous ages are to be condemned. If the claims of conscience are to be satisfied by the decision of a parliamentary majority, then Henry VIII was the most moral of men, for his parliaments often voted that he was so, and I am not sure that the same confidence has ever been expressed by vote in any modern minister. In what sense was the opinion given that all the statesmen of Europe deserved hanging? I suppose that the speaker, when he became conversant with the intimate modes of political talk, was shocked at its abstractness, its want of enthusiasm, its ignoring of the personal interests at stake, its inhumanity, in short. He was appalled at the difference between the public and the private opinion of those in power. I apprehend that the humanitarian emotion which is displayed on the platform finds no place in the discussions of the Cabinet, where presumably political problems are worked out in a sort of political algebra, where the motives put forward mainly concern the bearing of a measure on the unity of the party, where a keen sense of parliamentary chances goes for more than a heart swelling with noble aspirations. In fact, politics is a business; and, as it has been carried on for a long time, the tricks of the trade are inveterate and multitudinous.

Perhaps the man is happier who does not face this fact, but a historian has to face it in the state-papers amidst which most of his life is passed. He cannot make history a moral matter.

Can he help sentencing all statesmen to the gallows? For my own part I do not like to perform such summary execution. I do not feel comfortable in an attitude of lofty superiority over the men who, well or ill, have somehow done the work of the world. Wholesale condemnation is easy, and may be nutritious to the tender conscience; but Pharisaism is to be avoided, and hypocritical severity is more dangerous to the conscience than undue leniency. Draconic sternness has been less effectual to suppress crime than sympathy and charity. These also are moral virtues, and I should not like to see them excluded from historical judgment.

In considering a few extenuating circumstances which can be pleaded on behalf of historical personages, I fear that I shall not be very consequent, because the subject, as I view it, does not admit of logical treatment, and its terms have not been the subject of strict definition. First of all, public morality is not quite identical with private morality. The moral code, it is true, is of universal application; but a nation is a corporation, and a statesman stands in the position of a trustee. Moreover, nations are few in number; and there is no incentive to enforce international law, while there is also very little means of obtaining much agreement or expressing any powerful opinion on points of international morality. In points where a man is very much a law unto himself, and where he has no direct consciousness of contravening the moral standard of his neighbors, he is necessarily exposed to temptations from which in ordinary life he is saved by the unconscious influence of the moral atmosphere in which he moves. Hence a statesman whose general conduct tends to elevate international morality deserves exceptional praise. A statesman who grossly violates it does irreparable mischief.

But, in a general way, it is difficult to prove that statesmen have consciously done one or the other.

I spoke of a statesman as a trustee. I think we ought, in all fairness, to admit that kings and ministers have a representative character, and cannot act with entire freedom. A man may be open-handed in the management of his own affairs and niggardly as a trustee; he may be hopeful and trustful where he is personally concerned, but cautious and slow to move where the interests of others are at stake; he may be willing to lend his own money for philanthropic purposes, but he must only invest other people's money where the return is sure. A statesman is not to be severely blamed for not rising to a high level of enlightenment; we must not find too much fault with him for not giving expression to the highest aspirations of his age. Moreover, we all know how official precedent trammels even the most adventurous reformers, till it requires superhuman labors to effect the smallest change in the conduct of a single department. The older the institution the more it is fettered by official conservatism. As the Pope has theoretically unlimited power, he is practically allowed very small room for exercising it. As his authority rests upon public opinion, he has to be careful rarely to overstep the average opinion of his staunchest supporters. This makes the criticism of ecclesiastical institutions exceedingly difficult. On the one hand they appeal to the highest principles; on the other hand they have to preserve their hold on mankind. They are naturally slow in reforming abuses, because those abuses once had a meaning which can still be defended in argument, and is still, to some degree, profitable in practice. Before the abuse can be removed, the institution which it helps to support asks what is to take its place. It has no power to replace it itself, but

awaits the constructive proposals of the reformers, which are rarely very definite.

Again, a statesman enters upon a confused inheritance, and is not equally capable of dealing with all branches of affairs. He has so much current business to transact that his morality must perforce be limited, in the main, to the consideration of his personal responsibility for the policy which he himself initiates. It may often be that he sanctions an extension of some previous policy, which may prove to have most disastrous results, though these can scarcely have been present to his mind. I have been blamed for not holding up to execration Pope Sixtus IV as the founder of the Spanish Inquisition. It seemed to me that Sixtus IV found the Inquisition already in existence; that Ferdinand and Isabella asked for a stricter application of it in their realms; and that Sixtus IV, who knew little of Spain, was not exceptionally fond of persecution when he granted their request. It is safer to judge him for things which he did himself and of which he knew the bearing. He would have been a hero if he had expressed his abhorrence of the Inquisition altogether; and, except on that ground, he could not have refused the request of a government which presumably knew its own business.

I do not like the notion of judging in accordance with the spirit of the age in which events occurred, for the formula is vague and opens out an opportunity for justifying all things. But it seems to me that, though there has been no progress since the Christian era in the contents of the moral code or in the knowledge of them, still the course of events has altered their application. The conception of free discussion and free thought is not so much the result of a firmer grasp of moral principles, as it is the result of the discovery that uniformity is not

necessary for the maintenance of political unity. So long as men believed that uniformity was needful they strove to secure it; after their endeavors broke down they found out by experience that a state could get on very well without it. Therefore moral objection to persecution must be founded on the fact that men strove to secure uniformity by methods which they ought to have known, which they did know, to be iniquitous. I cannot gainsay this in the abstract; but it is astonishing how much the acceptance of a legal or a constitutional principle tends to make men oblivious of the inherent iniquity of their actions. I find it hard to deny that judges were well aware that, granting such a crime as witchcraft existed, the means taken to prove it were wrongful. Yet somehow it would be harsh to brand as criminals all judges who took part in trials for witchcraft. There was the belief among the people, expressed in the law, and it was their duty to execute the law. So it was with persecution generally. It came into being because society laid down a definition of what was necessary for its maintenance. The definition was not sufficiently elastic, and was not relaxed. It was ultimately overthrown by a process of general expansion. But in this process there were several moments when the guilt of repression becomes darker, and when its appearance in new forms becomes inexcusable. Persecution in a free-thinker like Sir Thomas More constitutes a real crime; in one who had himself rebelled against uniformity, like Calvin, it becomes positively hideous. I take the question of persecution as an instance of what is perhaps the least dangerous method of applying the current conceptions in extenuation of offences. The conceptions must not be assumed or picked up at random; they must be embodied in legal or in constitutional procedure.



Even then they must be judged and reprobated; but I think they should be judged and reprobated when they are first introduced. They were generally at first something more than errors of judgment or unconscious mistakes; they rested on some deliberate motives of self-interest, which was wittingly allowed to pervert the full power of moral judgment. When once they were introduced and accepted, we may deplore their mischievous vitality, but we need not persistently blame every man who did not strive to abolish them.

My reason for this point of view may take the form of an attempt to analyze another phrase of some vagueness, that of speaking of a man as "in advance of his age." I said that a statesman was a representative of his nation, whether through that nation's choice or not does not much matter. Many of our English kings have represented the nation as fully as ministers who have owed their position to the popular vote. Ministers, however, have a great moral advantage over kings which ought not to be forgotten. When they have made a mess they can go out of office, and with an air of superior virtue can harass their successors on whom has fallen the trouble of trying to put things straight. An unfortunate king never has the advantage of a time of retirement; from his accession to his death he is always in office; he has to get himself out of his own messes, and has to try and save his dignity in doing so. The task of proving an impossible consistency and of laying all the blame of what goes amiss on others had in the past to be executed by kings in deeds; nowadays it can be done by ministers in words. The unjust and ungrateful acts of kings in the past ought to be compared with the ungrateful words and the finespun explanations of ministers in the present.

But this is again a digression. King

or minister is alike a representative of the people, and as such has not his hands entirely free. He can only choose within certain limits the objects of his activity. He can only drive the coach; he is not responsible for the horses, and at best can only choose amongst the high-roads. A man in advance of his age generally means a driver who tries to drive across country; perhaps his notion of direction is excellent, and the next generation may have made a road; but the road has to be made before it can be traversed, and the skillful driver has to proportion his day's journey to the strength of his team. We talk at present about "practical politics" and "effective demands." We sometimes judge kings in the past as though they, too, in spite of their appearance of absolute authority, were not similarly fettered by the same conditions. It is hard for us to judge a man for what he did not do, for the reforms which he did not make, the abuses which he did not abolish.

I turn to another point. Rulers are to be judged by their public, not by their private life. The question of their personal virtues or vices is entirely subsidiary to their discharge of their public duties. Of course a king's private life possesses some historical significance for a full knowledge of his times; but his private character ought to be proved by overt acts, not by gossip. It is worth while to remember that gossip which is written down is not more veracious than gossip which flies current; and there was always a tendency to write down about kings more than was really known. Gossip is none the less gossip because it comes from venerable antiquity. It does not follow that for periods where we have few books those books are necessarily true. There is still the question, what means the writer had of knowing the truth of what he writes.



These fragmentary remarks may serve to indicate what I mean by pleading for as much casuistry in history as will serve to distinguish between venial and mortal sins. Opinions will widely differ about the point where the line is to be drawn, and the principles on which the distinction is to be made, if indeed it be admitted at all. After putting forward extenuating circumstances, I feel that I am bound to say what sort of historical crimes admit of no extenuation. I think these ought to be determined by the harm done to the popular conscience, by the effacement of recognized distinctions between right and wrong, by the hindrance clearly thrown in the way of moral progress. In our own society, law measures an equal penalty to offences; but legal punishment cannot be proportioned to the measure of moral mischief. We are sometimes surprised at the large amount of popular indignation raised by one crime, and sometimes surprised at the small amount of indignation accorded to another; but the difference is not accidental; it corresponds to some unformulated conception of the popular conscience. It would seem as though mankind guarded jealously some principles which had been lately won by effort, while others which rested on a firmer basis did not require such careful watching. I think the historian should be in the position of the guardian of the public conscience, and should resent all attempts to do it injury. Perhaps it would be fair to say that few ends have been pursued in history in behalf of which there is not a great deal to say, while few means have been adopted to attain them against which a great deal cannot be said. We may not approve of war, yet it would be useless to stop and blame every war. But if a war seemed to contemporaries unjust, or was carried on in defiance of recognized principles for mitigating suffer-

ing, it was a grave offence, and ought, on each occasion of its occurrence, to be reprobated accordingly. Yet history busies itself with Henry VIII's wives, or his persecutions under the Bill of Six Articles, but has little to say of the barbarous warfare where-with he devastated the Scottish Borders—a warfare as brutal in its way as that which has made the Duke of Alba a monster of savagery. I mention this because it illustrates the tendency to forgive any wrong-doing which was ever so remotely successful. Scotland in the long run was joined to England, and the union has been a success; we do not therefore keep alive rancorous feelings about any portion of the process by which this success was achieved. Spain did not succeed in winning back all the Netherland provinces; its unsuccessful attempts to do so are regarded as so many outrages against the cause of liberty.

Perhaps the two crimes most calculated to shock the conscience and lower the moral standard of mankind are treachery and assassination. These are public and not private crimes; they tend to overthrow society and reduce it to barbarism. Murders can never be forgiven; but then they have to be proved as well in history as in common life. When they are proved as matters of fact they cannot be palliated, for they admit of no extenuating circumstances. Complicity in them or encouragement given to them is as bad as being a principal. Moreover, homicide is none the less a crime because a flimsy air of legality is occasionally thrown over it. False accusations and the perversion of the forms of justice aggravate rather than extenuate the greatness of the offence against public morals; for the destruction of men's belief in justice is again a subversion of social order. The destruction of a man's character or influence by base means is a moral murder.

So far as I can arrive at any conclusions, they are briefly these. I like to stand upon clear grounds which can be proved and estimated. I do not like to wrap myself in the garb of outraged dignity because men in the past did things contrary to the principles which I think soundest in the present; nor can I palliate wrongful means when they were used to promote those principles. I cannot always judge aright whether or no a statesman's policy was the best which he could pursue. I cannot decide how far he had it in his power to work beneficial reforms, or how far he was to blame for continuing old abuses. His personal life and his individual character is in many points of no importance for the consideration of his historical significance. But I can judge if in his actions he was treacherous and deceitful, if he

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overrode the clear precepts of the moral law to gain his ends, if he counted the life of his opponent as nothing, if he perverted justice and debased law. One instance of such wrongful acts suffices to cast all other achievements into shade. If we admit these canons, rude and simple as they are, it is surprising and saddening to discover how few heroes are left to us in history, how few men placed in the position to enjoy power have withstood the temptations inherent to the possession of power of any kind, how few of them have not descended to treachery to destroy an opponent, to destroy him either physically or morally or politically. I would also be content to leave that simple issue as the sole standard of our moral judgment in historical matters.

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## FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

### III.

The one room in my College which I always enter with a certain sense of desolation and sadness is the College library. There used to be a story in my days at Cambridge of a book-collecting don who was fond of discoursing in public of the various crosses he had to bear. He was lamenting one day in Hall the unwieldy size of his library. "I really don't know what to do with my books," he said, and looked round for sympathy. "Why not read them?" said a brisk and caustic Fellow opposite. It may be thought that I am in need of the same advice, but it is not the case. There are, indeed, many books in our library; but most of them, as D. G. Rossetti used to say in his childhood of his father's learned volumes, are "no good for reading." The books of the College library are delightful, indeed, to look at; rows

upon rows of big irregular volumes, with tarnished tooling and faded gilding on the sun-scorched backs. What are they? old editions of classics, old volumes of controversial divinity, folios of the Fathers, topographical treatises, cumbrous philosophers, pamphlets from which, like dry ashes, the heat of the fire that warmed them once has fled. Take one down: it is an agreeable sight enough; there is a gentle scent of antiquity; the bumpy page crackles faintly; the big irregular print meets the eye with a pleasant and leisurely mellowness. But what do they tell one? Very little, alas! that one need know, very much which it would be a positive mistake to believe. That is the worst of erudition—that the next scholar sucks the few drops of honey that you have accumulated, sets right your blunders, and you are superseded.

You have handed on the torch, perhaps, and even trimmed it. Your errors, your patient explanations, were a necessary step in the progress of knowledge; but even now the procession has turned the corner, and is out of sight.

Yet even here, it pleases me to think, some mute and unsuspected treasure may lurk unknown. In this very room, for over a couple of centuries, stood on one of the shelves an old rudely bound volume of blank paper, the pages covered with a curious straggling cipher; no one paid any heed to it, no one tried to spell its secrets. But the day came when a Fellow who was both inquisitive and leisurely took up the old volume, and formed a resolve to decipher it. Through many baffling delays, through many patient windings, he carried his purpose out; and the result was a celebrated Day-book which cast much light upon the social conditions of the age, as well as revealed one of the most simple and genial personalities that ever marched blithely through the pages of a Diary.

But, in these days of cheap print and nasty paper, with a central library into which pours the annual cataract of literature, these little ancient libraries have no use left, save as repositories or store-rooms. They belong to the days when books were few and expensive; when few persons could acquire a library of their own; when lecturers accumulated knowledge that was not the property of the world; when notes were laboriously copied and handed on; when one of the joys of learning was the consciousness of possessing secrets not known to other men. An ancient Dean of Christ Church is said to have given three reasons for the study of Greek: the first was that it enabled you to read the words of the Saviour in the original tongue; the second, that it gave you a proper contempt for those who were ignorant of it; and the third was that it led to situations of emolu-

ment. What a rich aroma hangs about this judgment! The first reason is probably erroneous, the second is un-Christian, and the third is a gross motive which would equally apply to any professional training whatsoever.

Well, the knowledge of Greek, except for the schoolmaster and the clergyman, has not now the same obvious commercial value. Knowledge is more diffused, more accessible. It is no longer thought to be a secret, precious, rather terrible possession; the possessor is no longer venerated and revered; on the contrary, a learned man is rather considered likely to be tiresome. Old folios have, indeed, become merely the stock-in-trade of the illustrators of sensational novels. Who does not know the absurd old man, with white silky hair, velvet skull cap, and venerable appearance, who sits reading a folio at an oak table, and who turns out to be the villain of the piece, a mine of secret and unsuccessful wickedness? But no one in real life reads a folio now, because anything that is worth reprinting, as well as a good deal that is not, is reprinted in convenient form, if not in England, at least in Germany.

And the result of it is that these College libraries are almost wholly unvisited. It seems a pity, but it also seems inevitable. I wish that some use could be devised for them, for these old books make at all events a very dignified and pleasant background, and the fragrance of well-warmed old leather is a delicate thing. But they are not even good places for working in, now that one has one's own books and one's own reading-chair. Moreover, if they were kept up to date, which would in itself be an expensive thing, there would come in the eternal difficulty of where to put the old books, which no one would have the heart to destroy.

Perhaps the best thing for a library

like this would be not to attempt to buy books, but to subscribe like a club to a circulating library, and to let a certain number of new volumes flow through the place and lie upon the tables for a time. But, on the other hand, here in the University there seems to be little time for general reading; and indeed it is a great problem, as life goes on, as duties grow more defined, and as one becomes more and more conscious of the shortness of life, what the duty of a cultivated and open-minded man is with regard to general reading. I am inclined to think that as one grows older one may read less; it is impossible to keep up with the vast output of literature, and it is hard enough to find time to follow even the one or two branches in which one is specially interested. Almost the only books which, I think, it is a duty to read, are the lives of great contemporaries; one gets thus to have an idea of what is going on in the world, and to realize it from different points of view. New fiction, new poetry, new travels are very hard to peruse diligently. The effort, I confess, of beginning a new novel, of making acquaintance with an unfamiliar scene, of getting the individualities of a fresh group of people into one's head is becoming every year harder for me; but there are still one or two authors of fiction for whom I have a predilection, and whose works I look out for. New poetry demands an even greater effort; and as to travels, they are written so much in the journalistic style, and consist so much of the meals our traveller obtains at wayside stations, of conversations with obviously reticent and even unintelligent persons; they have so many photographs of places that are exactly like other places, and of complacent people in grotesque costumes, like supers in a play, that one feels the whole thing to be hopelessly superficial and unreal. Imagine a journalistic for-

eigner visiting the University, lunching at the station refreshment room, hurrying to half a dozen of the best-known colleges, driving in a tram through the main thoroughfares, looking on at a football match, interviewing a Town Councillor, and being presented to the Vice-Chancellor—what would be the profit of such a record as he could give us? What would he have seen of the quiet daily life, the interests, the home-current of the place? The only books of travel worth reading are those where a person has settled deliberately in an unknown place, really lived the life of the people, and penetrated the secret of the landscape and the buildings.

I wish very much that there was a really good literary paper, with an editor of catholic tastes, and half a dozen stimulating specialists on the staff, whose duty would be to read the books that came out, each in his own line, write reviews of appreciation and not of contemptuous fault-finding, let feeble books alone, and make it their business to tell ordinary people what to read, not saving them the trouble of reading the books that are worth reading, but sparing them the task of glancing at a good many books that are not worth reading. Literary papers, as a rule, either review a book with hopeless rapidity, or tend to lag behind too much. It would be of the essence of such a paper as I have described, that there should be no delay about telling one what to look out for, and at the same time that reviews should be deliberate and careful.

But I think that as one grows older one may take out a license, so to speak, to read less. One may go back to the old restful books, where one knows the characters well, hear the old remarks, survey the same scenes. One may meditate more upon one's stores, stroll about more, just looking at life, seeing the quiet things that are happening,

and beaming through one's spectacles. One ought to have amassed, as life goes on and the shadows lengthen, a good deal of material for reflection. And, after all, reading is not in itself a virtue; it is only one way of passing the time; talking is another way, watching things another. Bacon says that reading makes a full man; well, I cannot help thinking that many people are full to the brim when they reach the age of forty, and that much which they afterwards put into the overcharged vase merely drips and slobbers uncomfortably down the side and foot.

The thing to determine then, as one's brain hardens or softens, is what the object of reading is. It is not, I venture to think, what used to be called the pursuit of knowledge. Of course, if a man is a professional teacher or a professional writer he must read for professional purposes, just as a coral insect must eat to enable it to secrete the substances out of which it builds its branching house. But I am not here speaking of professional studies, but of general reading. I suppose that there are three motives for reading—the first, purely pleasurable; the second, intellectual; the third, what may be called ethical. As to the first, a man who reads at all, reads just as he eats, sleeps, and takes exercise, because he likes it; and that is probably the best reason that can be given for the practice. It is an innocent mode of passing the time, it takes one out of oneself, it is amusing. Of course, it can be carried to an excess; and a man may become a mere book-eater, as a man may become an opium-eater. I used at one time to go and stay with an old friend, a clergyman in a remote part of England. He was a bachelor and fairly well off. He did not care about exercise or his garden, and he had no taste for general society. He subscribed to the London Library and

to a lending library in the little town where he lived, and he bought, too, a good many books. He must have spent, I used to calculate, about ten hours of the twenty-four in reading. He seemed to me to have read everything, old and new books alike, and he had an astonishing memory; anything that he put into his mind remained there exactly as fresh and clear as when he laid it away, so that he never needed to read a book twice. If he had lived at a University he would have been a useful man; if one wanted to know what books to read in any line, one had only to pick his brains. He could give one a list of authorities on almost every subject. But in his country parish he was entirely thrown away. He had not the least desire to make anything of his stores, or to write. He had not the art of expression, and he was a distinctly tiresome talker. His idea of conversation was to ask you whether you had read a number of modern novels. If he found one that you had not read, he sketched the plot in an intolerably prolix manner, so that it was practically impossible to fix the mind on what he was saying. He seemed to have no preferences in literature whatever; his one desire was to read everything that came out, and his only idea of a holiday was to go up to London and get lists of books from a bookseller. That is, of course, an extreme case; and I cannot help feeling that he would have been nearly as usefully employed if he had confined himself to counting the number of words in the books he read. But, after all, he was interested and amused; and a perfectly contented man.

As to the intellectual motive for reading, it hardly needs discussing; the object is to get clear conceptions, to arrive at a critical sense of what is good in literature, to have a knowledge of events and tendencies of thought,



to take a just view of history and of great personalities; not to be at the mercy of theorists, but to be able to correct a faulty bias by having a large and wide view of the progress of events and the development of thought. One who reads from this point of view will generally find some particular line which he tends to follow, some special region of the mind where he is desirous to know all that can be known; but he will, at the same time, wish to acquaint himself in a general way with other departments of thought, so that he may be interested in subjects in which he is not wholly well-informed, and be able to listen, even to ask intelligent questions, in matters with which he has no minute acquaintance. Such a man, if he steers clear of the contempt for indefinite views which is often the curse of men with clear and definite minds, makes the best kind of talker, stimulating and suggestive; his talk seems to open doors into gardens and corridors of the house of thought; and others, whose knowledge is fragmentary, would like to be at home, too, in that pleasant palace. But it is of the essence of such talk that it should be natural and attractive, not professional or didactic. People who are not used to Universities tend to believe that academical persons are invariably formidable. They think of them as possessed of vast stores of precise knowledge, and actuated by a merciless desire to detect and to ridicule deficiencies of attainment among unprofessional people. Of course, there are people of this type to be found at a University, just as in all other professions it is possible to find uncharitable specialists who despise persons of hazy and leisurely views. But my own impression is that it is a rare type among University dons; I think that it is far commoner at the University to meet men of great attainments combined with sincere humility and char-

ity, for the simple reason that the most erudite specialist at a University becomes aware both of the wide diversity of knowledge and of his own limitations as well.

Personally, direct bookish talk is my abomination. A knowledge of books ought to give a man a delicate allusiveness, an aptitude for pointed quotation. A book ought to be only incidentally, not anatomically, discussed; and I am pleased to be able to think that there is a good deal of this allusive talk at the University, and that the only reason that there is not more is that professional demands are so insistent, and work so thorough, that academical persons cannot keep up their general reading as they would like to do.

And then we come to what I have called, for want of a better word, the ethical motive for reading; it might sound at first as if I meant that people ought to read improving books, but that is exactly what I do not mean. I have very strong opinions on this point, and hold that what I call the ethical motive for reading is the best of all—indeed the only true one. And yet I find a great difficulty in putting into words what is a very elusive and delicate thought. But my belief is this. As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world, a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. I see that many people find the world dreary—and, indeed, there must be spaces of dreariness in it for us all—some find it interesting; some surprising; some find it entirely satisfactory. But those who find it satisfactory seem to me, as a rule, to be tough, coarse, healthy natures, who find success attractive and food digestible; who do not trouble their heads very much about other people, but go cheerfully and optimistically on their way, closing their eyes as far as possible to things painful and sorrowful, and getting all the



pleasure they can out of material enjoyments.

Well, to speak very sincerely and humbly, such a life seems to me the worst kind of failure. It is the life that men were living in the days of Noah, and out of such lives comes nothing that is wise or useful or good. Such men leave the world as they found it, except for the fact that they have eaten a little way into it, like a mite into a cheese, and leave a track of decomposition behind them.

I do not know why so much that is hard and painful and sad is interwoven with our life here; but I see, or seem to see, that it is meant to be so interwoven. All the best and most beautiful flowers of character and thought seem to me to spring up in the track of suffering; and, what is the most sorrowful of all mysteries, the mystery of death, the ceasing to be, the relinquishing of our hopes and dreams, the breaking of our dearest ties, becomes more solemn and awe-inspiring the nearer we advance to it.

I do not mean that we are to go and search for unhappiness; but, on the other hand, the only happiness worth seeking for is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eyes and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be tranquil in their presence.

In this mood, and it is a mood which no thoughtful man can hope or ought to wish to escape, reading becomes less and less a searching for instructive and impressive facts, and more and more a quest after wisdom and truth and emotion. More and more I feel the impenetrability of the mystery that surrounds us; the phenomena of nature, the discoveries of science, instead of raising the veil, seem only to make the problem more complex, more bizarre, more insoluble; the investigation of the laws of light, of electricity, of

chemical action, of the causes of disease, the influence of heredity—all these things may minister to our convenience and our health, but they make the mind of God, the nature of the First Cause, an infinitely more mysterious and inconceivable problem.

But there still remain, inside, so to speak, of these astonishing facts, a whole range of intimate personal phenomena, of emotion, of relationship, of mental or spiritual conceptions, such as beauty, affection, righteousness, which seem to be an even nearer concern, even more vital to our happiness than the vast laws of which it is possible for men to be so unconscious, that centuries have rolled past without their being investigated.

And thus in such a mood reading becomes a patient tracing out of human emotion, human feeling, when confronted with the sorrows, the hopes, the motives, the sufferings which beckon us and threaten us on every side. One desires to know what pure and wise and high-hearted natures have made of the problem; one desires to let the sense of beauty—that most spiritual of all pleasures—sink deeper into the heart; one desires to share the thoughts and hopes, the dreams and visions, in the strength of which the human spirit has risen superior to suffering and death.

And thus, as I say, the reading that is done in such a mood has little of precise acquisition or definite attainment about it; it is a desire rather to feed and console the spirit, to enter the region in which it seems better to wonder than to know, to aspire rather than to define, to hope rather than to be satisfied. A spirit which walks expectantly along this path grows to learn that the secret of such happiness as we can attain lies in simplicity and courage, in sincerity and loving-kindness; it grows more and more averse to material ambitions and mean aims; it

more and more desires silence and recollection and contemplation. In this mood, the words of the wise fall like the tolling of sweet grave bells upon the soul, the dreams of poets come like music heard at evening from the depth of some enchanted forest, wafted over a wide water; we know not what instrument it is whence the music wells, by what fingers swept, by what lips blown; but we know that there is some presence there that is sorrowful or glad, who has power to translate his dream into the concord of sweet sounds. Such a mood need not withdraw us from life, from toil, from kindly relationships, from deep affections; but it will rather send us back to life with a renewed and joyful zest, with a desire to discern the true quality of beautiful things, of fair thoughts, of courageous hopes, of wise designs. It will make us tolerant and forgiving, patient with stubbornness and prejudice, simple in conduct, sincere in word, gentle in deed; with pity for weakness, with affection for the lonely and the desolate, with admiration for all that is noble and serene and strong.

Those who read in such a spirit will tend to resort more and more to large and wise and beautiful books, to press the sweetness out of old familiar thoughts, to look more for warmth and loftiness of feeling than for elaborate and artful expression. They will value more and more books that speak to the soul, rather than books that appeal to the ear and to the mind. They will

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realize that it is through wisdom and force and nobility that books retain their hold upon the hearts of men, and not by briskness and color and epigram. A mind thus stored may have little grasp of facts, little garniture of paradox and jest; but it will be full of compassion and hope, of gentleness and joy. . . .

Well, this thought has taken me a long way from the College library, where the old books look somewhat pathetically from the shelves, like aged dogs wondering why no one takes them for a walk. Monuments of pathetic labor, tasks patiently fulfilled through slow hours! But yet I am sure that a great deal of joy went to the making of them, the joy of the old scholar who settled down soberly among his papers, and heard the silvery bell above him tell out the dear hours that, perhaps, he would have delayed if he could. Yes, the old books are a tender-hearted and a joyful company; the days slip past, the sunlight moves round the court, and steals warmly for an hour or two into the deserted room. Life—delightful life—spins merrily past; the perennial stream of youth flows on; and perhaps the best that the old books can do for us is to bid us cast back a wistful and loving thought into the past, a little gift of love for the old laborers who wrote so diligently in the forgotten hours, till the weary, failing hand laid down the familiar pen, and soon lay silent in the dust.

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### A FARMING HOLIDAY.

When we who have worked through a full session of School or College life are temporarily tired of writing and teaching and the sedentary hours involved, we turn to dear Mother Nature for rest and refreshment. Our work,

though we would not change it for any other in the world, is so profoundly responsible that the one necessary element in our holiday is that it should be irresponsible, and that we should live in some order that will pur-

sue its peaceful round whether we attend to it or not. We want to feel ourselves free as the young child in its home is free, where all the appointed circle of the day can be received in content and simplicity.

To attain this end, it seems that we need something more than to sit still and look at Mother Nature in her beauty. We need in some fashion to co-operate in her work if we are to get the real good of her society. She is not easily won. She holds amid her stores some of the true riches of the human spirit, the love of purity and honesty and the secret springs of immature and growing life, and in all she does she awakes the most tender reverence in the heart of her friends. How shall we get to know her better this summer? Among us of the human race we feel that some kind of yoked labor tends toward sympathy and thence to friendship. Let us see if we can work awhile with her, and learn to feel the weight of her arm and the grasp of her strong hand, or hear her breathing in solemn repose after her labors. Ever-attractive Switzerland lets us see her in her royal robes, throned on stainless snow and crowned with the rising sun, but she is just as dear a friend with her sleeves rolled up and her apron on, and is perhaps then better able to help us at our need.

It was with thoughts such as these that last summer, instead of crossing the channel, I arranged to have a Farm Holiday. Scarcely worthy of the name of "farming" is such ignorant and intermittent work as a complete amateur can give, and yet it was carried through with a certain continuity and perseverance that redeemed it from mere play, and without this element I think the mental rest at the time and the fragrance that remains in the memory would be somewhat lost. It is true that the sun is hot and the earth hard, it is true that many of the bits of work

proposed seem but new methods of breaking your back, and yet by due management the evils may be obviated and the gain may be great.

It was on Saturday, August the 6th, that I was free from all claims, and arrived at the station for a large farm in East Anglia with a sense of space and liberty that was in itself a welcome and a rest. The sun had long set, and "the fringe was red on the westlin' hill," and the air felt cold and pure and keen as we drove rapidly through the darkening lanes in the direction of the sea. It was like another world after the slumbering heat I had left in the south, though it was still very dry.

On Monday the wheat harvest began. It was a brilliant morning with white sailing clouds when the master of the farm took me to one of his large harvest fields, where the men had been already some hours at work. The wheat was standing in all its glory, untouched and untroubled by rain or wind, perfect and straight in the glowing sunshine, showing the victory of Ormuzd over Ahriman once more, the gift to the world of living gold. And beside a divided section of it came the Reaper and Binder clashing and grinding along, drawn by three gallant horses. In the old days "the reaper filled his hand, and he that bindeth the sheaves his bosom," but here all the work is merged in this one Juggernaut car of destruction. It had been my chief ambition to drive such an imperial car myself, and as it came round the master stopped it and helped me up, and there I sat perched on high, the living director of its restless machinery. "It will take you just about all your time to drive," he said laconically, as he laid the lines in my hand, and so it did, easy as it may look to the bystander. A boy rode the trace-horse on ahead, but the two massive gentle creatures in front of me I was sup-

posed to control, and the point was to keep the left hand one exactly in the furrow, so that the ears of standing corn swished along his side, without his treading on them. Then the tray of cruel teeth could do its work aright as it crept along the ground, and oh! how these teeth gnashed and clanged in relentless cold anger, as they ran up and down in their iron groove! Never resting, never hasting, everything fell before them. To the extreme left was a wooden share, pointing straight forward like the finger of fate dividing the living from the dead. The stalks to the left of it were safe and stood up tall and graceful, but those that came to the right of it, as it cleft its way through, fell flat on the remorseless tray and were whirled up to where they were captured and bound by the string, and cast off to lie on the stubble, mere helpless bundles wholly at the mercy of man.

Thus was I borne slowly round and round the long parallelogram, lifted up above the clangor and noisy destruction going on below, sitting between the blue sky with its white summer clouds and the plain ruddy gold that stretched far around. Sometimes for a long space the wheat was absolutely clean, and the smooth shining pillars of straw fell in ranks unmixed and fine, but here and there it was clothed with the spiral stems of the pink convolvulus. Only one thistle was in sight, one tall Scotch thistle, raising the loose balls of its seed above the level of the ears and glittering like white silk in the sun. I thought of "him who walked in glory and in joy behind his plough along the mountain side," and how when set to weed the rough land in his youth, he would look out for "the great burr-thistle spreading wide," and leave it standing. "I turned the weed-ing-heuk aside and spared the symbol dear." I did not feel like that, but longed to cut it down. As I rattled

slowly round I could see this one silvery head from afar, and watched its doom come creeping nearer and nearer, until at last it fell within the point of the wooden share, and was caught by the savage teeth all unsuspecting, whirled up by the ever-moving plane, bound in the bundle and thrown away on the further side.

The driving was not quite all roses. The water furrows were surprising, twice or thrice giving me so sudden a jolt as nearly to cast me out of my iron seat. The flies, too, were troublesome to the horses, and the sudden stamp of a hoof or the switching of a heavy tail nearly jerked the lines out of my hands, which became wondrously stiff with holding them. Once the ball of string struck work and had to be disentangled and renewed, and that gave us a few minutes of silence. Surely the corn is at its most beautiful in the hush of a fervid noon, with the light breeze scarcely ruffling it. "All day it basketh in the heat, and grows and whispers orisons." The pathetic and even tragic element was not wanting, too, the "one sad note to round the lay," for a young rabbit ran out of the standing corn and hid in a sheaf, and the man threw himself down on the sheaf and caught it, and in a few seconds and in complete silence its innocent life was ended, and its soft limp body was thrown aside on his coat to be taken home. The hen-pheasants in hay-time, the master told me, will not rise when the machine comes round, and he saw one thus all cut to pieces as she sat on her nest. Sad earth, why must the Problem of Evil penetrate even to your harvest fields? Strong mother-love, that ancestral love from which all other loves spring, rooted far back in the dim past, you are the conqueror after all!

But an hour and a half in the chair of state was enough for the first time, and I saw with joy how narrow my

long strip was getting; four times round, three times, twice, and then at last a clean sweep of the narrow standing row and it was done, and I was helped down from the car with a word of commendation from the men for thus finishing off the task. The machine rattled off to cut a distant field of oats, so rough and so seamed with water furrows that it might have proved fatal to my work if not to myself, and I wandered through the sunny meadows to the stackyard and home.

The next morning was the introduction to the cows, and all the business of cooling and sending off the milk. Cows have a habit of such early rising that it is not always easy to accommodate oneself to their ways, but when one does, there is a distinct charm about it that is worth a prolonged rest in the afternoon. This first morning I stepped out into the gray cloudy twilight at five o'clock, and found the milking shed pitch dark to unaccustomed eyes. The narrow strips of light opposite the three open doors soon revealed the long row of stalls, where nearly forty cows were standing in order due. There was the master already at work, and he gave me the coarse overall apron and the stool and pail and set me down to "Queen," who was docile and quiet. Simple enough as the work looks, it is curiously hard to do well, and I got very hot with my exertions, leaning my forehead against the gentle creature's soft side and trying this way and that, until the master came to help me to finish, when I found—thanks to experiences in Ireland—that I had not done so badly. The second cow given me seemed impracticable, and the men told me the creatures must get used to my hand before I could be thoroughly successful with them. Their own work was wonderfully prompt. Cow after cow I heard a man begin, first with the sharp sawing sound, when the stream drove

against the side of the empty zinc pail, and then ever a gentler, fuller sound till it reached a deep note of content. "The milk that bubbled in the pail, and buzzings of the honied hours." I was still stumbling over my second cow when the time was up, and while the creature was quickly finished for me I went out to see the cooler at work, where the milk runs in a thin layer over metal plates that cover cold running water. In go the frothy white pailfuls at the top warm, and out pours the white stream at the bottom perfectly cold and ready for a journey. The cart with its four round cans must be off and away by a quarter-past six, and only when it had driven off was there a breathing-space and the day could quietly begin.

Every day but the first I went out to "thin turnips." They are sown in rows about a foot apart, and only one plant in every ten or twelve inches is to live, and the rest are doomed to die; so you are presented with a hoe with a long handle, and told to strike in boldly and rake out the young plants, leaving one in every foot at your discretion. This looks exceedingly easy, for the weight of the hoe is enough alone to uproot the seedlings, and you begin in good heart, thinking to make a great success of it. There are disappointments in life. All would have gone well had young turnips been nice firm little things like radishes, as I had hoped, and also if they were really arranged in single lines as might at first sight appear, but neither is the case. They are sown in bunches, and the roots are mere naked white threads that intertwine and look very fragile and weak, so that at every second stroke of the hoe I had to stoop down and carefully select the one that was to live, and disentangle him with my hand from his baby neighbors. No two must be left together, of course, or they hopelessly spoil each other's



expansion, and as I hoed I felt glad that this was not the case with the human mind and soul. "It is good for a vegetable to be alone," I said to myself.

Of course all this stooping and fumbling was very unbusinesslike, for a practised workman would do the whole with his tool, but if the work was to be done at all by me, this was the way it must be done. An aged man passed along the cart-track, and leaned his knotty hands on his stick as he stood to watch me. "Good-morning," said I, after awhile. "Fine marnin'," said he, and then feeling I must apologize for so much stooping I added, "The master told me I could do this work with the hoe, but I'm afraid of hurting the plants. The roots are so delicate." "They be, they be," he answered, and then as if revolving the case in his mind and approving the description as judicious, he added, after a pause, "Delicate they be, delicate, delicate." And he wandered slowly off again.

The field lies far from the high road, and the solitude was perfect. The adjoining field of clover sent its dusty, sweet fragrance over the hedge, the invisible lark above poured down his unending shower of joyous notes, and the wind was cool, and every point combined to make the little spaces of rest very sweet. Yet it was tiring, and after an hour I found I had done about ten rows of thirty feet long. The vast undulating field stretched before me with what seemed hundreds of rows and millions of plants, and I had finished a space about the size of a pocket-handkerchief. A half hour more I hoed, endeavoring to strike in it more boldly, and so covering the field with my slain that one would think Mother Nature could do nothing with such a scene of desolation. But you have only to wait till she comes round with her watering-pot to stand corrected, for the flaccid gray-green withering leaves of

the slain seem to melt into the earth, and the few you have chosen to live begin to stand up brave and strong. Then one goes home hot and tired to learn the humiliating fact that this work is paid at half-a-crown the acre, and that a brisk workman can just manage two acres a day.

The path to and fro leads through the ranks of growing maize some four feet high, fresh and strong and intensely green, which is being gradually cut down as fodder for the cows. Among the broad waving green banners the anthers of the male blossom are beginning to show here and there, and after careful work I found one silky tuft of the female flower. What a lovely thing it was as I unwrapped it from its many folds of fine tissue wherein it was tenderly laid. Each one seemed finer and softer than the one above it, till at last it lay exposed in my hand. It was a heavy tassel some six inches long, composed of silken threads of a green so pale it was hardly green at all. It had a soft lustre as of a thing too tender and young to handle, and needing rather to be left alone in reverent solitude. The tiny cob, two inches long, lay at the core, and I could see the rows of square grains in their parallel grooves, each one attached to its silvery filament, waiting to be fertilized. It was the very embodiment of sweet vegetable infancy, and of the care of dear Mother Nature for the world of the small and the helpless.

It was a few days after my arrival that I learned how to build a trave (which is by interpretation a shock or stook), and very desirable work I found it. It was a still, gray, cloudy morning when I cycled down to the flat field of eighteen acres which lies along the low seaboard, and after watching a man in the distance doing it, I started to build a trave myself. The principle is that of a house of



cards. You pick up two of the stout sheaves and set them firmly against each other like a steep-pitched roof, and then you close up the ends with two more, and then add three or four more sheaves leaning against these, as the architecture may seem to require. To me it seemed particularly pleasant work. The bundles, tied round just as they are left by the transit of the Juggernaut car, are lighter than one might think to look at them, and the long smooth unbroken wheat straw is deliciously clean to handle. There is, moreover, a delight in the sound. Silence, like the hoeing of turnips, is a little dull, and labor accompanied by incessant clatter like our friend the Reaper becomes distracting, but here was a light, dry, responsive rustle all the while. The crisp clash when the rough heads of wheat fell together was suggestive of all that is warm and comfortable and plenteous and harvest-like, and hummed a song to which one could easily supply the words.

When I had built twenty-two traves I sat down on the stubble for a rest, leaning against the last one built in the bliss of dreamy content one feels after labor. The air was perfectly still, and not a sound could be heard of either bird or insect. The sky was an even gray without break or variation till it touched the leaden line of the sea, whereon a barge with dark brown sails was making its slow way. In front lay a flat coast with channels in it, sand, mud, grass and thrift being mingled together, which a spring-tide "too full for sound or foam" was silently swamping over, till the samphire and ragweed and the pretty *Illac gypsophyllum* stood up to their necks in the clear sea-water. There was an old battered sea-wall and a narrow strip of rough land, and then the harvest-field, and all united in a harmony of drowsy peace. And just then and there the long drought broke, and a

few tentative drops of rain fell on the hard white earth between the rows of stubble. Beautiful it was to hear it:

Low lisplings of the summer rain  
Dropping on the ripened grain, as once  
upon the flower.

My repose was broken by seeing the band of men drawing nearer and nearer and evidently hurrying their best to get their work done, and it struck me it would be pleasanter to join the band than to toil alone. On they came, setting up the traves at full speed. There were eight of them, and I selected old Master Peck to work with, a man with a good rosy face like a withered apple and that innocent unmoved expression that comes of life-long dealing with Nature and very little dealing with other men. They did work fast truly! A strong man strode ahead, setting up the two central sheaves, and leaving Peck and me to clothe them round, while he was already many paces away setting up a new one. That was look-alive and busy-all, I can tell you, and in three-quarters of an hour we had travelled round the whole field, setting up three rows of solid traves at once. The rain grew gradually more, a light warm still shower, and when the clock struck one the whole field was practically immune from harm.

That was a fine rain, lasting some three days with intervals, and giving us such a lovely clean-washed thankful earth as we had not had before to deal with. The early mornings after this had a rare feeling that had been lacking hitherto, all cold and dew and freshness, with the sun struggling through light swathes of mist, and a sense as if the night had left itself in little fragments under the shade of the heavy dreaming trees. It was a joy now to step out over the grass, all rough and gray with the dew, and go to the cow-shed. My practice there im-

proved a little, and even if I came too late to milk more than half of "Queen," who was always reserved in case I came, it was pleasant to help with the cooler and taste the froth, and then stand at the door of the byre and see the cows released from the stanchions and turned out for the day. Fine, contented, sleek creatures, there they go one by one, Buttercup and Cosset, Snowflake and Tinker, Pansy and Merry, Una and Filpail, Beauty and Frosty, and all the rest, and when they see me they turn slowly and glare nervously with their eyes, for, as George Elliot remarks, "they have ultra-feminine characters," and there is much starting and hesitating, and a yet more portentous and lowering glare before they can summon up courage to pass me. It is done at last with something of a rush, and then they plod along in lazy content to their own meadow. The very prettiest of horse-ponds lies on their road, edged with reeds and yellow iris and wild mint and figwort, and inhabited by two graceful little moorhens, and here three or four turn aside each morning for a prolonged silent drink, but most walk steadily to the pasture. There they know breakfast awaits them, in the shape of masses of blue-gray kail, or long parallel lines of deep-green maize, besides the sweet meadow grass. It seems they repay these attentions, for some will yield twenty-nine or even thirty pints at a single milking, and my standard having been obtained from Burns and his "twal' pint Hawkie," who was his one comfort on bleak Moss-gill, I confess I stood aghast at such doings as these.

Day by day I shouldered my hoe and went down the cart-track to the turnip-thinning. The lark shook out his notes tumultuously, and sweet airs waved the banners of the maize. My turnips grew and heartened out wonderfully even after the first day of rain, and

became far pleasanter to cut. You single out a good one with your eye, and then crash with your hoe on the fresh crackling leaves on either side of it, and you need only stoop once in a while. But the slaughtering of such hundreds of clean thriving little plants was rather sad work; many start in the race, and sadly few come to perfection, and to be an agent in such failure goes against the grain. But six months later the master wrote to tell me that never were such turnips gathered in as those from the field they called mine. "Sound and large both," he wrote, "and this combination is rare." So the exterminating war had its uses.

A section of the maize was cut each day and piled high on a cart, a mass of luxuriant almost unnatural green. I looked over many stalks and again found only one immature cob with its silken tuft, and this time I stripped off the silken wrappings, took it out of its nest of damp silvery threads, and ate it up. So true is it that while Nature is "*die hohe die himmlische Göttin*," she is also "*eine tüchtige Kuh die uns mit Butter besorgt*," and adapts herself to our every mood.

All this while the corn was being brought up to the stackyard to be threshed, and every few hours the men drove in their heavy rumbling loads. One day the master was going down himself to the field near the sea where I had my first try at building the traves, and it was all but a mile distant, as was told by my cyclometer. He asked me if I would like a ride, and if so should it be on the horse or in the wagon? "On the horse!" I called back rashly, feeling the lumbering wagon to be very tame compared with the new experience offered me. So I climbed up by the ponderous forewheel, and stood on the great shaft, coasted cautiously round the end of the great creature, who stood like a rock, and seated myself on his broad back, which

was covered with a sack spread over many intricacies of buckles and harness. A little boy, Billy, was lifted on to the trace-horse in front, and we started. You may have seen a lad seated sideways on a cart-horse whistling in careless ease, and looking the very picture of negligence and repose, as he sits with his feet on the shaft and his hands in his pockets, but until you try it you cannot tell what a parlorious adventure such a ride may be. On a flat, well-made road it is well enough, but a slight descent, a rutty lane, a turn at the gate-post, and the great beast's muscles under you shift and slide till you feel the utmost uncertainty as to what the next step may bring. My feet could not nearly reach the shaft, and as we ponderously rocked along I could only hold with my right hand to the collar, and my left to some strong strap towards the crupper, and make silent plans that when I felt it should be on to the broad shoulders of the master as he strode beside us. At last we swung and rumbled safely into the field, Billy was left sitting on his horse waiting for the return wagon, I was helped down, and we began to load.

This was heavy work, and after a few minutes I resorted to the passive occupation of watching the men as they built the slippery road higher and higher and roped it across. Then we turned and trudged back to the stack-yard, which was a centre of attraction to me, for there the thresher and stacker has its home, and works with long surges of droning sound that I love to hear. The wagon is drawn alongside, and the men cut the string and pitch the sheaves into its mouth as fast as they can. Nearly a dozen men are kept busy here in the stackyard, and I worked many an hour beside them. The stacker is a long line of murderous rakes, ever moving upward in a slanting line, and piling the straw

in a stack which four men work hard to distribute evenly, and the thresher can only be described as a tumult of buzzing and humming roar, that somehow effects the separation of the chaff from the wheat. There is a row of sacks in front, into which the grain pours through wooden shoots, and I learned how to attend to these and how to affix a new sack. The spattering golden spout is always playing in the sunshine, and if there you hold your hand, the bare living grain comes leaping over it, sound and hard and cold, almost like shot, and gives you a new insight into the riches of the good earth. And then at the side there is another tumult of whirring, an oddly grooved cylinder rotating, and out of a windy orifice comes the chaff, blowing light and warm and loose as a mattress. There was always something that was getting over-full, or needed to be raked out, or in some way demanded attention. The air seemed full of yellow floating light, and the lightest of the chaff that whirled off looked like flakes of golden snow against the cloudless sky. Everything was beautiful save only the source and origin of all the bustle, and that was the sooty squalid little engine who stood panting there at the end of his huge running-belt, and looking like a ragged Londoner amid fresh country folk.

One day I found a stack but newly begun, so I climbed on to it and they gave me a fork, and soon I was busy enough trying to get my corner square and my share of the surface even. It was beautiful to see the glittering cataract of strong yellow straw coming as it were straight out of the blue heavens above, and a stalwart lad, who had on his head a Hermes cap of the approved shape without definite brim, made a fine picture as he stood beneath it, dealing out the straw with his long fork, this way and that, for the rest of us to dispose of neatly at

the four corners. It looked all that such work ought to be, and yet it was remarkably hot and tiring to the unpractised hand. All the while the storm and clatter comes and goes in long-drawn surges of sound, and many an hour goes by in doing first one thing and then another. One day while I was raking out the billowy mattress below the machine, Master Peck passed by, and to him I lamented that some handfuls of the beautiful grain had been trampled into the mud below, and said I hoped the chickens might benefit by our loss. The thresher sings so loud a song that communication is not easy, but he put his old face close to mine and said confidentially: "There be nigh on ninety little pigs in the yard over there, and they'll have that up. They be quicker than the fowls, and they don't waste none. They do snuffle that up wonderful nice."

Prominent as the harvest may be in August, it by no means takes up the whole time. The imperious wants of animals go on Sundays and weekdays the whole year round, with an insistent iteration that will not allow your thoughts to wander. Then, even in the meridian of summer, there seems to be a time to sow as well as to reap. You may leave off catching the balls, but Mother Nature never leaves off throwing them, and a little rest, a little letting your hands drop, and you will find yourself pelted and confused in a fashion it may take a whole year to set right. Strong and untiring is the one you have taken into partnership, and if you would co-operate with her, your work must be nearly as smart and up-to-time as a soldier's drill.

As the maize was cut down, the plough invaded the field where it had stood, and one morning I asked the man if I might hold it and try a furrow alongside of his own, so he showed me how the guiding wheel should run and started me off between the shafts.

The share was one of those with a horizontal flat blade for cutting off roots under the earth, and the first furrow we wrenched and crunched our way finely through the stiff strong roots left by the maize. This was nice and slow and I enjoyed it, but on the return journey we came back between the rows of stubble, and then the fine horses went at such a pace that I was forced to run. This was very absurd, for one never yet saw a ploughman running, and I was glad the man strode on in front at the horses' heads, so that he could not see me. Up and down we toiled, and the broad wave of earth heaved and turned off the share, and fell away to the right in a graceful curve. Now and then it was a hard tug, and again for a spell it seemed so easy that it seemed the whole process might have gone on as well without me; but in all these labors, whether of beast or of machine, there is a point where the human intelligence must sit in the centre, like a spider in the middle of his web waiting for emergencies, and the guiding touch on the plough handles is incessantly needed or the whole work would come to naught. Nine furrows were enough, and at the tenth I picked up my hoe and wandered on to teach my brave cheerful little turnips how to make the best of life. In another part of the farm there was mustard to be sown, and this was effected by means of a very odd contrivance. There was a long narrow box, ten feet long and full of mustard seed, balanced transversely on an ordinary wheelbarrow which a man wheeled along at a brisk pace up a furrow in a ploughed field, while a harrow went over the ground after him. Certain occult contrivances within the long box caused it to distribute the seed evenly through holes ranged in its floor, and all went smoothly and well as long as it was in the hands of another. Handed to me, it

at once displayed a will of its own, and instead of trundling neatly along it tipped and balanced and swayed and rocked about this way and that, and I fear that when the plants came up my handiwork must have been found sinuous as the track of a serpent.

Another labor I would bid the new-comer beware of is "cleaning mangolds." It sounds innocent enough. Mangolds are big shiny roots and planted in decent rows, and you begin cheerfully, but it is considered wrong to break off the under-leaves, and they are shockingly brittle, and the weeds that surround them being tough, after a while you repent. The long runners of the knot-grass lie flat on the ground like embroidered circles or stars, and a tiny green pearl-wort makes little rosettes in between, and there were wild mint and buttercups and pink bind-weed, and the sweet little veronica with three blue petals and one white, and everything that is pretty of a lowly sort. I was rather sad at being thus the agent of the triumph of the utilitarian over the æsthetic. The scarlet pimpernel is to me among wild flowers what the robin is among birds, and I would far rather spare it than Burns' thistle, but the ruthless hoe had to go in, and up they must come. Tough and well-rooted they were, and all the while the mangold leaves were snapping like sticks of young celery, and there was nothing for it but to leave the hoe and work with one's hands, stooping. If invited to clean mangolds, the inexperienced must be ready with a firm negative.

One day the honey of the year was taken from the hives, but I got into the wars over that, and a few stings are enough. The honey was scraped out of the wooden frames and hung in muslin bags over the dairy pans, broad and solid as plum puddings. Here it hung solemnly for many hours, a thin noiseless thread running steadily from

each pudding, and making a layer of liquid gold in the wide pan below. Poured together into a can, there was more clear honey than one would think it was possible to collect in such tiny drops from the flowers, and then we had a "bee" for filling the glass jars for the market. Three hundred and eight pots, each weighing a pound and a quarter was the yield, and very fine they looked as we stood them in ranks on the shelves to be labelled later on.

There were always calves to be fed also, calves of all ages from the little weak thing but a few days old to the yearling heifer. Some of these had never seen their mother for a moment, nor even had milk out of a pail, but were fed on linseed cake and porridge, and, unnatural as the process seems, appeared to be thriving on it. The spots where their horns should be are smeared with caustic potash, so that they are destroyed at the root and never grow at all. Even the bulls are without horns now, and so are comparatively harmless. There was a great deal of cruelty connected with the horns of cattle, so this plan is greatly to be commended; but at the same time the forcing back of all that solid material into the structure of the skull must be somehow wrong, and when the calves looked up at us with lowered heads and sad lustrous eyes, I told the master they had headaches. He replied that doubtless they had, but that they could not be very bad headaches, as their appetite is not impaired for even a single meal, nor is their growth retarded.

One morning when I came out at six, too late for the milking, I turned into the granary and had a delightful two hours' work among the oats, which lay in dry ridges and heaps upon the floor. The early light was lovely coming in through the wide open door, and some dozen men were briskly at work in the cool twilight within. One held the sack,



another measured in four bushels, a third wheeled it to the weighing machine, where it had to turn the scale at twelve stone four pounds (the four pounds being the supposed weight of the sack), while a fourth wheeled it away into the darkness, where others tied up its mouth and piled it up on a barricade of its fellows, waiting to be carried down to the barge. I tried most of the parts. To hold the sack was not interesting, and the bushel measure when full was more than I could well lift, though I liked handling the dry oats and seeing them run rustling and whispering down the slopes, like the sand in a gigantic hourglass. So I took up boy's work, and plied the wooden shovel and the broom and made the piles neater and steeper, and then finally settled down to help the man who had charge of the weighing. He had to determine the weight with great exactness, and we kept a little store of oats of our own close by, and a saucepan with which to bale them out or put them in as the case required. The conversation was all on his side and ran thus: "Heavy. Not too much. Right!" or "Light. A little more. Wo." Now and then came a sack that was only "Right!" and was wheeled off at once. But this was rare, and all went on like clock-work and at a speed it took all our energies to keep up with. A week later, the oats being stored, the barn floor was covered with wheat, and then indeed it was irresistible, and I was drawn back again and again to feel its charm. I used to sweep the floor carefully of all the straw and dust, shovel up the heavy golden-brown corn into compact levels and table-lands, and then sit down and rest on the sliding edge. I used to dig my hands and arms deep into the cold yielding mass, and think it was not to the touch like anything else in the world, so clean, so solid, so wonderful is the grain by which man lives.

The last scene of the harvest was to see the heavy sacks carted on to the slow barges that take them away to Harwich or Mistley to be shipped to other ports. So one day toward the close of my visit, the mare Polly was saddled for me, and with the master on Dinah together we rode through the large low harvest-fields, now reaped and bare, down to the muddy sea-shore. It was low tide, and the thrift and the yellow ragweed were adorned with flags of faded seaweed that fluttered in the wind, and there were vast stretches of dreary gray mud and tracks of stones and shells, and round pools of water. Ahead, at a rough wharf that belongs to the farm alone, lay a heavy barge, and beside it a cart being unloaded. "Follow my steps," called back the master; "follow, or you may be up to your girths in a moment," and we picked our way along. Hopelessly stranded the clumsy barge appeared to me, with its rudder deep in the dark slime, and the walls of gray mud all about it. The tide would come in surely, a gentle noiseless tide, such as would scarcely seem effective for the great work before it. But gentleness is not weakness, it is rather strength, and that flat still tide is enough to transform the dull oozy channel into a highway leading to the mart of the world. In faith of that transformation the sacks we had so carefully weighed were bestowed in the hold one by one. Above was furled the thick brown sail, pointing seaward like a great crooked arm, and when six hundred sacks were on board the cargo would be complete, and the tide would be in, and the barge would turn and bear them away. Four or five such barge loads and the harvest is gone, and here is the end of the grain that has cost so much anxious thought, and been so tenderly cared for almost the whole year round. Here it changes hands. Henceforth it



is no longer "ours," handled in every bushel with critical affection, but it is simply a small fraction of earth's gigantic harvest-home.

Grand is the leisure of the earth.

She gives her mighty myriads birth,  
And after harvest fears not dearth,

But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths  
dim.

To an onlooker such work as I have described scarcely can be dignified with the name of "farming," especially as it was never carried on for more than five hours a day, and often considerably less. But I can truly say the mental results are worth the getting. To one whose life is very full, a holiday is not always a pleasure. The lifting off of responsibility is like the sudden stopping of a vast machine that has been going for hours, when the ear is at first pained with a sense of vacuity rather than pleased by a sense of rest. We hoped for liberty, but there is only emptiness, and the powers that are set free cower down and shrink together rather than expand and fly. The condition is not an enviable one, and the holiday is more than half spent before the consciousness of refreshment and enjoyment can awake into appreciation. To me it seems as if this dulness and loss could, by wise dealing with oneself as with another person, be lessened if not wholly obviated. Just as the exercise of certain minor muscles is necessary if we would relax the greater ones, so the sharing in these new areas of responsibility gives rest to the presiding mind from those that are permanent. It is like entering as a child into the basement or working part of Mother Nature's great home, and finding there plenty of simple duties that are never mean or trivial, but that fill the heart with restful content:

*The Contemporary Review.*

This high rock-girdled paradise of thought and beauty, this citadel of refuge, this green enclosure,—is it not a little one?—passed-by by the busy foot, overlooked by the curious eye, fair only to the heart that loves it, yet hard to leave.

Here is a store that never fails, here is a door of escape always open while summer and winter, seed time and harvest run their round, and we have not as yet made use of all the rest that is provided close beside us in our own beautiful fresh green England.

Friendly to our higher nature are all things that are simple, kindly, homely, as opposed to such as are factitious and conventional. Artificial tastes and pleasures can never either cheer or refresh the heart. They have no root within our true life; they are not of the Father, but of the world. How sweet and wholesome are the pleasures that go into small room; the humble, simple accustomed sights and sounds that bring the soul at once into the open air. Some of these are at times full of deep suggestions, of quiet unspoken recognitions, filling the heart with unspeakable tranquillity and peace. All that has to do with rural occupations, haymaking and harvesting, the cheerful bustle and cackle of a farmyard, the breath of cows, the broad slanting light of evening, the wide glitter of a meadow in an autumn morning, and, neither last nor least, the aspect of a cottage kitchen in the afternoon with "all things in order stored," these things fill me with a sense of the Fatherhood of God.<sup>1</sup>

No prize is gained without some setting of the will towards it, and an element of drudgery enters, at any rate for a few minutes, into every occupation that is a real one and not a mere game; but the effort in these directions meets with a lasting return, and our life-work feels its presence like a quiet blessing.

*Constance L. Maynard.*

<sup>1</sup> "Two Friends," D. Greenwell.

## A MORNING IN THE GALLERIES.

## IN DIALOGUE.

Now that I have retired to a quiet life in a beautiful country I am occupied with Nature more than with Art; and it is only with a wrench that I can leave the roses, rhododendrons, and lilacs for the smoke of town. But, as I do not wish to fall quite out of the modern movement, I take a look in now and then at the May shows, and had asked my friend Van Dyke, one of the young lions of the New Gallery, to point out what was best to be seen. He took me straight up to the *Lycidas*, the great sensation of the year. "There," said he, eagerly, "there is true Art. What a noble form! What a grand pose! What subtle grace in those curves of the leg! What dignity in those uplifted arms! It might be the young athlete who sat to Phidias for the Parthenon metopes. And those old Philistines at Burlington House made a "record" in stupidity when they rejected—actually rejected—one of the purest masterpieces of our time!"

"But is it beautiful?" I asked in my innocence.

"Beautiful?" he said quite warmly, "we don't go in for beauty nowadays. We want truth, not beauty. Art has nothing to do with beauty. The aim of Art is to be real. If you want to see a real spinal column, an honest iliac muscle, a genuine biceps, and all ten tendons of the extensor frankly displayed, there you have them."

"Well!" I said, humbly, "I am no anatomist, and I daresay this is all as it looks on the dissecting table. But what puzzles me are those ten fingers all held up in a row. What does it mean? Is *Lycidas* a Neapolitan lazzarone playing at *mora*? What is the story?"

"Oh!" said he, "a great piece of truth

in Art does not need any story. It is its own meaning. Perhaps *Lycidas* is what the Boers call a *Hands-upper*; he seems to be saying 'Don't shoot, I give in.' He looks rather down on his luck, as if he has had enough. But see how truly Greek is the vitality of those limbs! How daring is the realism of those tendons! How defiant of conventions is the frankness of the pose!"

"Thank you," I said, "for your lesson in Art. If I had come here alone I should have taken it for a scraggy youth in an ungainly attitude—a sort of naked man 'Friday,' startled by the footprints of cannibals on the shore."

As I spoke we were joined by an old friend of my own, a certain Sir Visto, rather a testy amateur of the old school, who had seen all the galleries in Europe and often dined with the R.A.'s.

"You call that scarce-crow Art?" he said. "Why, it is a mere cast from a very ill-shapen pugilist. And the attitude is only fit for a Fiji Islander's wooden idol."

"My young friend here," I said, "has been telling me of the magnificent modelling of the back, the ribs, and the thighs. Isn't there great merit in the way these muscles stand out clean and taut?"

"Well?" said Visto, "I grant him there is good modelling in the trunk. The pectoral muscles are well marked, and the scapula shows power, crude as it looks. But just look at those saucers above the collar bones. The arms are those of an Egyptian mummy, and can anything be more spidery than those skinny thighs and calves?"

"Truth, fact, realism," cried Van Dyke with warmth. "*Lycidas* is not intended to be pretty. He is not one

of your androgynous hermaphrodites, but a man in fighting condition, trained to the last ounce, and no girls' fancy man."

"Oh! I grant you he is a man, plain enough and no mistake; he would serve on a stand for a lesson in anatomy at a hospital."

"Is not that the highest praise?" asked Van Dyke. "He is meant to teach, to display, to exhibit fact, not to be a type of prettiness."

"Oh! dear no! he is a type of ugliness. He is a mere cast, or facsimile, of an emaciated bruiser, with his four limbs stuck apart like a child's doll undressed. Look at his flat splay feet, the corns on his long toes, and the bunion of the right foot joint. Look at him from behind, and you will see a big letter W stuck upon a pair of tongs."

"Well!" said Van Dyke rather peevishly, "we have happily got rid of the conventional Pyramid in a work of sculpture, and all the stale nonsense about symmetry in composition, a right arm to balance a left leg, and the centre of gravity to fall in the middle of the base."

"I grant you," said Visto, "there is neither symmetry, nor balance, nor centre of gravity about *Lycidas*. I was always taught that the first condition of a statue is, that it has to be viewed all round in every position. It should have at least eight characteristic points of view—and all eight ought to be at once impressive and graceful. But in *Lycidas* all points of view are equally ugly, ungainly, and unmeaning."

"Ugly, ungainly, as you please," cried Van Dyke, "but true to fact. Art needs no meaning. It does not mean anything, except '*So it is—I see it so!*'"

"Ho? ho?" laughed Visto,—"truth, fact, realism! How does *Lycidas* stand? You know, dear boy, that it is only a doll, a wax model, with wooden supports inside. *Lycidas* could not be exe-

cuted in marble, or even in bronze, or any permanent material. It is only that it is a patchwork of wood and wax, that he can stand steady on his big feet. I suppose that is why they are made so long and ugly. Show me a work of Phidias, Polyclitus, Lysippus, Praxiteles, or Agasias—marble or bronze—where a whole figure stands unsupported on its feet alone. Look at any Apollo, Aphrodite, Hermes, the Diadumenos, Doryphoros, Apoxyomenos, Niobid, Artemis, Satyr, Antinous, Heracles—they all have leg supports, or they would not stand. Why, even the 'Borghese warrior' of the Louvre, with its outstretched legs apart, has to rest upon a tree stump. Your *Lycidas* may look more natural, just because it is a doll—a toy. Talk about truth: It is a fraud; a thing stuck together to look like bronze, when we all know it could not be really made in bronze at all."

But here I thought the discussion was getting rather warm, for this sally had knocked Van Dyke out of time. So I proposed that we should all walk round to Piccadilly and see what the R.A.'s had to show us.

"We have got rid of all these antiquated conventions about Greek types," muttered Van Dyke doggedly; "what matters what Lysippus and Praxiteles did? Art is free, and makes its own laws as it grows with new ideas and younger men."

"Stay for five minutes," cried Visto, "and have a look at a bit of real Art, in that group named *Venus at her Toilette, with Cupid*. Now there is beauty, grace, symmetry, truth all together. It has the subtle secret of the Renaissance, the joy of life, ideal charm!"

"Ah!" I said, "by the Grand Old Man of Italian art, who has done more to keep alive the flame of Tuscan glory than any living amateur. It is a wonderful *tour de force*; but Michael Angelo and Titian continued to work to

an even greater age. Art is the most vivifying force in Nature, and makes the healthy and the happy old ever young!"

"Yes!" said Visto, "my old friend, Wemyss, I remember, was the contemporary of John Ruskin at Christ Church, and he is still carrying on some of the best traditions of art judgment, which Ruskin has long ceased to inspire. But let me tell you that the *Venus* here is not only an astonishing *tour de force*, but is in itself a fine, pure, and original composition, harmoniously conceived; lovely in all its parts, and as a whole."

"Oh! I grant you it is pretty, refined, well—say, beautiful, if you like," grumbled Van Dyke, "for those who care for beauty in Art. I daresay it reminds people of the old artists' idea about grace and that sort of thing."

"Can anything be more useful to-day than such a reminder?" asked Visto.

"Come to Burlington House," said I, "and as we walk along, Van Dyke shall tell us why these young fellows make such a dead set at Beauty, and why they will have it that the business of Art is to hold up the mirror to ugliness, to portray nothing that is not common, queer, or even grotesque."

"Why!" broke out Van Dyke, "We are all sick of these tea-tray prettinesses of 'The Thames at Dawn,' 'Pine Woods at Sunset,' 'Meadows in May,' 'June Blossoms,' and all the namby-pamby goddesses, nymphs, 'blue eyes,' and 'golden locks,' which are very well on a bon-bon box for a girl, but disgust grown men in a picture gallery. Art should be real, not conventional; and of all things the most fatal to Art is that which pleases the eye. The painter has to show people what they never saw and never could see—what he sees, and as he sees it. It does not matter what it is—a brick wall, a blind beggar, a hog, a dunghill—all are equally the subject of Art, when the artist has

looked at them till his soul has grown into them, and they have grown into his soul. The new rule is—Paint just what you see, but take care that it is what nobody sees but yourself, and what nobody could like if he did see it. The business of Art is to shake up your Philistines, your Bottles, and Mrs. Grundys, out of their hum-drum lives, to teach them how queer and how nasty the world can be, and often is."

"You want us all to go 'slumming' in a picture gallery?" said Visto, "you can't all be Bernard Shaws, my dear boy, and paint paradoxes and cranks all day long. Is there no alternative between weak prettiness and coarse realism? Because some painters are finikin, some babyish, and some academic, is High Art to be limited to ditchwater and rags? If we are sick of strawberry cream and truffles, we don't want to be stuffed with garlic and tripe."

"It does not matter *what* you paint," said Van Dyke, "the only thing that matters, is *how* you paint. A picture is not intended to *please*—ought not to *please* the person looking at it. It is intended to show what clever things the painter could do with his brush. Brush-work is the beginning, middle and end of a picture. If a picture interests the public by its subject, or is beautiful as an object to view, so far it draws off attention from the cleverness of the painter, and thereby ceases to be sincere Art."

"One would think a painter was an acrobat," said Visto, "and his only aim was to show you what astonishing tricks he could play with his fingers. For my part, I don't care, as the old Duke used to say, 'a twopenny d—n' for a painter's tricks. What I want is a beautiful work and fine imagination."

"Imagination!" said Van Dyke. "We don't want to *imagine* things. We want to *reproduce* them—show them

just as we see them. Imagination is the ruin of Art! We painters have to make things look just as they are."

"Why, that is what photographers have to do! And they beat you realists hollow at it! Is a Kodak snap-shot of a kitchenmaid taken in my backyard, Art? It certainly reproduces faithfully the look of a very commonplace object."

"It would be Art if the painter could make the backyard as absolutely true to fact as the photograph, adding color, chiaroscuro, and tone. Let him get his 'values' right—and all is right!"

"Surely," I murmured, "it would be a dull piece to hang over one's dinner-table."

"This cursed photography," Sir Visto broke in, "has been the death of Art. It has shown artists how infinitely subtle and various are the facts in the simplest and commonest object. A bootmaker puts his own ugly mug on his trade card. Soaps, cigars, whiskies, and corsets, drench us with photographs till life has become a sort of revolving panorama of commonplace, crudely realized in all its naked vulgarity and dulness. We live in a photographic *inferno*; and now Art thinks it *chic* to be equally literal and tedious."

By this time we had reached Burlington House, and I hoped to have a less lively debate. Sir Visto took us straight into the large room and stood before *The Finding of Moses*, by Sir L. Alma-Tadema. "There," said he, "is a fine subject finely treated. We want no catalogue to tell us what it represents. Anyone who has ever read or heard of the delightful idyll in second of Exodus sees at once that it is Pharaoh's daughter returning from the bath, and bringing the baby in his ark. The composition, the local coloring, the archaic 'properties' and costumes, are all those of a master. How ridiculous it was of Ruskin to tell us

Alma-Tadema always painted twilight! Is not this sunlight, and sunlight in Egypt? A fine picture! a fine conception!"

"It has too much beauty, elegance and harmony for me," growled Van Dyke. "Why are all the girls so pretty, and so fair of skin? There is nothing pre-historic, barbaric, cruel, ghastly about the scene—nothing to remind you of the ferocious edict of Pharaoh and the leader who was one day to drown him in the Red Sea. I admit it is beautiful, if that is what you want. It is too smooth, too refined, too idyllic for me."

"Well!" I said, "the story is an idyll, you know. Pharaoh's daughter was a gracious Princess, not a blood-thirsty tyrant, and Moses at four months had not grown to be the Prophet of Israel. The Plagues of Egypt had not yet begun. And we may imagine an idyll if we please by way of contrast."

"Imagination is the foe of truth," said he.

Sir Visto then led us up to the President's *Cup of Tantalus*, which he called on us to admire. "Poynter," he said, "is always graceful, learned, correct, classical—"

"Conventional—" interrupted Van Dyke.

"See how thoughtfully every detail is studied," said Visto, not noticing his young friend, "the drawing firm, true, natural; the composition subtle; the whole atmosphere one of harmony and charm."

"Why does the child in the transparent shift stretch up on her toes when it is plain she can't reach the other's hand by twelve inches at least? And why doesn't the long girl, in the dark robe with a palm-branch fan, step down to the fountain herself?" grumbled Van Dyke.

"My dear boy," said I, "you might as well ask why did Keats see charm



in a 'Grecian urn,' you don't forget how it ends, do you?—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

"I can see neither beauty nor truth," said the painter, "in these Hebes, Ariadnes, Nymphs, Sapphos, Pindars, and other machine-made Hellenisms which the Academy seems to encourage. They are crude 'academies,' as the French say, and the local color and staging is cheap enough."

"Good work too often leads to poor imitation," I suggested, "as we saw with Raphael himself; but weak copies do not spoil the value of a true master's work."

"This is what the 'Ideal' lands us in," said the painter, with a chuckle, as he pointed to Frank Dicksee's picture in Room 1. "Is there anything ideal in those ten fingers stuck out like a *Lycidas* No. 2, reaching after a sort of ballet-girl seen through a gauze screen?"

"Ten fingers poked in the air seem all the rage this year," said Visto, "but at any rate this fellow's thighs are not quite such starved sticks as those in the wax-works in Regent Street."

"Come, now, let us look at the portraits," said I, "we shall not be troubled about ideals there."

"I don't know that," said Van Dyke; "some of these smart women look as if their portraits had been commissioned not by their husbands, but by their dressmakers as trade advertisements to puff their 'creations.'"

"There is a portrait, indeed," cried Sir Visto with enthusiasm, taking us to Sargent's *Signior Garcia*, "power, truth, character, in every line. That is a portrait which Velasquez might have owned."

"Agreed, agreed, we shan't quarrel over that," said Van Dyke; "Sargent is the one man to-day who dominates

both Academy and New Gallery at once, the man who unites mastery of his brush to originality of conception—for sheer skill of hand he is matchless and unerring."

"A really great painter," said Visto, "when he chooses, and does not play tricks, or is not poking fun at his sitters."

"When does he not choose?" asked the painter.

"When he dashes off a satin gown in an hour, and flings in a lace furbelow with three dabs of his brush."

"And if he does," retorted the painter, "who could do it as well in a week's work? Besides, the gown and the furbelow have to be looked at at least fifty feet away."

"That is scene-painting, not portraiture," said Visto; "I quite agree that he has a marvellous gift of *technique*, but why does he dab his shadows in with vermillion, and why are his women rouged on the lips? Hung on a gallery wall twenty yards off, the effect is brilliant, but I call it a trick, when you look close into the handling."

"You don't mean to say that he makes game of his own sitter?" I asked quite simply.

"Well!" said Visto, "you remember the old dealer with the thick red lips and the dog putting out his tongue to mimic his master. And see how he bedizens his other multi-millionaire sitters as if he said with his tongue in his cheek—what figures of fun they are! But just come across to the grand Blenheim group."

"Surely," I said, "that is a superb piece for a great historic palace. It reminds me of the Vandykes at Genoa. What a grandiose group! The mighty Marlbrook, with the conquered banners of lilies and his descendants to the tenth generation. What life in the two boys, in the spaniels, what *bravura* in the whole composition!"

"Oh! *bravura* indeed," said Van Dyke, "perhaps a trifle overdone, rather too pompously majestic."

"Why do you say making game of his sitters?" I asked simply.

"Well," said Sir Visto, "you see that, by the artifice of placing the Duchess on the step and the Duke below it, the impression is produced that she is about ten inches taller than her husband. I have not the honor of their acquaintance, but I doubt if the difference is as much as that. The Duke seems rather embarrassed by the weight of his robes, and the beautiful head of her Grace is stuck upon an elongated neck which reminds one of the new saurian, *Diplodocus Carnegii*."

"Yes!" said Van Dyke, "he has the defects of his qualities. He can't resist a sensation; and the millionaires with their big prices are leading him to scamp it. But when he tries his best, as in his *Mrs. Raphael*, he is as serious as Rembrandt himself."

"It's a fatal snare to a painter to become the rage in the smart world," said I, "especially when the smart world is vulgar and tasteless. Even Vandyke and Reynolds had too many sitters, though their sitters had beauty, manners, and refinement."

"The worst of it is," said Visto, "that Sargent, like every man of original genius and splendid success, is teaching two or three other good men to imitate his *bravura* and his scene-painting legerdemain. Sargent can make a satin gown dazzling bright with fifteen sweeps of a thick brush. But when other men try to do it, they seem to be using a mop or a broom."

"He is the greatest master of portrait we have had since Millais stormed the town," said Van Dyke, "and has an even subtler eye for character."

"Yes!" said Visto, "but the genius he has for characteristic points is so

keen that it betrays him now and then to make an actual caricature—I dare say quite unconsciously. He sees a trait in a sitter's face or figure, and in his eagerness to catch it he makes it almost ridiculous."

"Come and look at the *Burghers of Landsberg*," said I; "there is a solid piece of work indeed. Look at it across the Central Hall, and you might fancy at a first glance the R.A.'s were sitting in council. One feels that there are the very Bavarian citizens, simple, serious, thoughtful men of business—full of character, and composed with skill and truth. It is no bad revival of the old Dutch Corporation groups to be seen at Haarlem, the Hague, and Amsterdam. It is a real success in a difficult subject."

"Not much of the ideal, not quite high art," said the Connoisseur.

"The ideal be d—d," laughed the painter; "the Von has scored this time. All his portraits are first-rate. A good many of the old gang seem to have been waked up. Why, old Leader has broken out in a new place; and, after fifty years of Surrey pinewoods and commons, silvery Thames, and such serenities, he has found his way to the coast and the crags of the Cornish bays."

"A very good way it is," I added, "I know the cove well; and it has never been painted with greater truth and force. I rejoice to see a veteran, who has been too often undervalued, turn in his old age to a grand subject like the cliffs of Cornwall in a breezy sea."

And so we wandered through the galleries, each of us throwing in a word from time to time.

"How tedious it must be for those poor royalties," I said, "to have to stand year after year for official portraits whilst the artist is piling on velvet robes, gold lace, ribbons, garters, crosses, sword-tassels, and jack-

boots! It's just making tailor's dummies and modistes' blocks of the poor things. How they must hate it!—but *royauté oblige*."

"There's a fine thing, indeed," said Visto, "what life, manliness, vigor, and breezy air," taking us up to Furse's cub-hunting group; "what a loss to art!"

Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera  
rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris!

"Yes! indeed, a cruel loss," we all said.

"There are some good portraits, too, as well as Sargent's!" said Visto, "Oules, Shannon, Cope, Solomon, Fildes, Dicksee, and other less-known men. But the only man who can hold it with the great Frenchmen of to-day is plainly Sargent, and let us trust he will not spoil the rest."

"He won't spoil Oules," said I; "he is as steady, and solid, and thorough as ever."

Nor did we neglect the ladies. Lady Butler, as true and vigorous as ever; Lucy Kemp-Welch, with her inimitable feeling for a horse, and the rest.

"One of the most striking facts in modern art," I said, "is the immense addition of women as painters. I can remember in the 'forties, or even in the 'fifties, no woman exhibited an oil picture. You will now see every third name is that of a woman, and in the water-colors they have it all to themselves. Why is Lady Butler not R.A., I wonder?"

"Perhaps she declines the honor," said the young rebel.

Some of us lingered beside the Peter Grahams, the David Murrays, the H. W. B. Davis, MacWhirters, Arnesly Browns, Alfred Easts, and the quiet English rural bits which are not behind their usual form. But Van Dyke was all for Stanhope Forbes, La Thangue, and Clausen.

"All good men, and sound, pure, manly work," said Visto; "but you need not suppose that this is the last word in modern art, dear boy. A picture has not only to be painted well, it must be a thing that is worth painting—interesting, original, beautiful, imaginative. As Tennyson said, you might write a very correct Wordsworthian line—A Mister Wilkinson, a clergyman—but this is not poetry. An old man with sticks, a sailor boy in a boat, a girl feeding a bird, are honest facts, which you may honestly paint—but they don't make a picture. Millet's *Angelus* has gone round the world, because it is more than an old peasant and his wife. It is a solemn and pathetic poem. To make a work of art something more than 'values' is wanted."

"It seems to me that the essential point to insist upon nowadays is the subject of a work of art," said I. "Many of these subjects that one can see on a road or a farm any day may be worth painting in small, on a canvas 16x10 inches. When it comes to life-size, on a canvas 60-48 inches, as a great gallery work, it is taking it all too seriously. Everything you see, painted as you see it, true to nature in lights, values, and surfaces, may be an honest piece of handiwork, but it is not art. Your 'Mister Wilkinsons,' in or out of the pulpit, bore us. Your beggar-boys, and sheep-cots, and sand-hills may be perfectly true, but utterly tedious. Unless you can show us some memorable thing, some impressive trait in your beggar, your sheep, or your sand, we do not want you to labor the matter further. And then, how sadly the habit of exhibitions reacts upon the painter. He thinks what will amuse the summer visitor, not what will rejoice the heart to be upon our walls. One of the cleverest pictures of the year, which attracts a crowd all day by its admirable life, its

ingenious telling of a complex story, by its intense 'modernity,' as the slang goes, would hardly be a pleasant work to hang over one's dinner-table, on so large a scale, to be looked at day after day, day and night. One's guests would ask, as they sat down to dinner—'Well! who is she?' And there would be whispers all round. The curse of exhibitions is that they encourage painters to labor out silly japes of their own, incidents picked

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out of *Tit-bits*, to attract mammas by some baby nonsense, and to attract girls by mawkish sentiment. There will always be a lot of poor stuff whilst painters think only of their palettes, and not of their minds; whilst they get their ideas out of trashy novels, comic plays, and watery poems. Painters want cultivated brains as well as nimble fingers. Come, let us walk round the National Gallery before we go to luncheon."

*Frederic Harrison.*

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### A WERE-WOLF STORY.

The legend of the were-wolf has found expression in so many various forms, and appears in the folk-lore of such widely scattered peoples, that it seems to be one of the shapes into which the imagination of man, with a basis of problematic fact to stiffen it, naturally runs in the story-telling age of his history. The classical narrative of Romulus and Remus, perhaps, is its most familiar example, and from India it comes illuminated by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's genius in the tale of *Mowgli*. In another form of the legend, that found unquestioning faith in some ages and countries, man is supposed to assume nocturnally, analogously to the vampire legends, the aspect and nature of a wolf. It is in this form that it appears in the following story, which testifies to the currency of the legend among the Red Indians of the North American continent.

It would not do to tell the name of the river on which the incidents occurred, nor of the country through which it went, for that would be telling the tale, which appears to be substantially a true one, with dots on all the "i's." Enough to know that it was one of those great waters that flow westward from the Rockies and lose

themselves, at the end, in the Pacific. At the point where this story begins to touch it, it flowed, with wide, placid surface, over a vast expanse of level plain, dull and uninteresting enough, with scarce a tree visible, far or near. In the eastern distance blue peaks, faintly discerned, showed the "sierra"—the saw edge—of the mountains. A settlement, altogether unlovely, composed of unadorned wooden shanties, a big planked building, and a tall chimney vomiting wood smoke plenteously, was the feature that struck the stranger coming on the river at that point from the plain. Better acquaintance showed a wood jetty jutting into the river; beside it a little steam launch puffing with all steam up. On first sight one would deem it accident to have chanced on the settlement at the moment that the little launch was in full order of steam-puffing. Later one would learn that this was the chronic state of life of the small launch. She spent her time moored to the jetty's stakes in this condition of perpetual impatience, save when she was now and then permitted to give it vent in sharp dashes into mid-current. Thence she returned with something dragging at her stern cable—something that the men on

board her had lassoed, or moored, or in some manner secured with a skill and a ready profanity born of much practice—a pine-wood cask, which would be rolled up the incline of the jetty, and finally into the big planked building with smoky chimney. Immense letters painted along the riverward length of this building announced it to all passing up or down the river as the Columbian Salmon Cannery.

This was the explanation of the perpetual impatience of the little steam launch moored beside the jetty. She was waiting, always waiting, while look-out men, in relays, kept guard, watching for the arrival of the salmon casks that came rolling down the flood of the great river. Then, when the word was given, she went puffing and bustling out, and brought in the cask, with its freight of salmon, to be treated in the cannery. Here the fish were cut up, tinned, and soldered down, and thence they were sent off by cargo steamers that called from time to time to bear them down to the city at the great river's mouth, whence they would be despatched to the markets of America, England, and the world.

Obviously this settlement, for the canning purposes, was not the first link in the chain by which the salmon were communicated, as a commercial and edible article, to the universe; but for the present our business is with this, the second link.

In the little wooden office attached to the bigger planked building sat a man gazing out, through the window, on the wide expanse of the river that glided endlessly before him. His eyes were on the river, but their look conveyed the impression that his thoughts were elsewhere, far away, uninterested by the not too interesting scene that had grown sufficiently familiar to him. His face was not the face of a weak man, but it was the face of a beaten man, of a man with whom the battle of life

had gone hardly and adversely, of a man who had been forced to acknowledge himself beaten, but knew how to take his beating, not smilingly, indeed, but with fortitude. He could still hold his head up and look his fellow man in the face, but not without effort.

"What are you thinking of, Jim?" said a voice, not unkindly, from the bigger desk, that was set at an angle to his own.

The man started at the words, and began to address himself with sudden zeal to the ledger before him.

"No, I did not mean that," said the man at the other desk, smiling at the way in which his question had been taken; "I was only meaning what I said. Tell us what you were thinking of. Your thoughts were far away."

"Ay, far enough," he replied sadly. "I was thinking of—how it all happened. I can't make head or tail of it."

The man to whom he spoke was the boss, the manager, of this canning business, and the "it" to which the speaker referred as a matter well known to both of them was the trouble that had set the characteristic mark on his face and given him the aspect of a beaten man, looking drearily out of the window of the cannery office.

"There's no mistake about it," he added despondently, "Jo Wolff's got the best of me every time."

The "every time" of his speech was only an idiom; it did not imply that the said Jo, or Johann Wolff, a "Dutchman," as they called him in the language of the country, though really a German by nationality, had bested him often, only that he had bested him once, but that the once had been enough. It had been so far enough that it had changed the relative positions of himself and Wolff, so far enough that only a short three months ago Wolff had been sitting at the desk, gazing out of the office window, and he, Jim Sladen, had been in the post that the Dutch-



man now held, managing the salmon catchery—as they called it, to distinguish it from the cannery, the whole business being styled the fishery—higher up the river. It might not seem any great difference, but it was the difference between the post of manager of a comparatively small affair and the post of assistant-manager of a comparatively large one. Besides, it meant a step, even if a small one, in the matter of salary, downwards; and that is never a good direction for a man's feet. Lastly, but most distressingly, the manner in which he had been forced to take the step had been such as left his character for honor under a cloud.

The "boss" of the cannery—he who now questioned Sladen about his vagrant thoughts—had been absent. Wolff, the assistant-manager, had been left in charge, and between him and Sladen, then managing the "catchery" business, the accounts had somehow fallen into a mess. The system, no doubt, was bad and unbusinesslike, for neither had the training of business men, and the whole thing had got "fogged up," as Sladen put it; he could not explain the matter fully—neither could Wolff, fully; only the latter managed to explain it sufficiently to make it appear as if all the fault lay with Sladen, up the river; and seeing that things did not tally, the heads of the company, in Vancouver, took Sladen to blame for it. The manager at the cannery was his friend, and spoke up for him; otherwise he would not have been even here, gazing drearily out of the window, but would have been on the wide world, with a doubtful character to back him, seeking a living.

"How was it you and Jo Wolff first fell out?" the manager asked presently, for there had been bad blood between the two even before this little affair of the accounts.

"About a girl," said Sladen vaguely.

"Of course," replied the manager, with an air of much worldly wisdom.

Sladen did not show any inclination to be communicative on this head, so the manager went on:

"There's only one thing about it all that I'm glad of, but I suppose it's not much consolation to you—I'm glad to have you here instead of that Jo Wolff. I never cared about the fellow."

"I dare say he's not so bad," said Sladen, trying to speak charitably, "but somehow I cannot help thinking that he may have tried—may have done what he did—to try to put it on me."

"I know," the manager said sympathetically. "It's bad for you."

The two smoked awhile in silence.

"I wonder how he gets on with the Redskins up there?" the manager said at length; for most of the business was done by Indians at the catchery, so far as it was not purely mechanical.

"Get on? He don't get on, I believe. They don't like him. Can't get over his name. You know what queer devils these fellows are. Believe he turns into a wolf night-times. 'Him wolf, night,' Bloodstone said to me once, when I asked him about the Dutchman. You know what quaint ideas these fellows have."

"I know," the boss said, nodding; for the were-wolf legend current among the Indians was familiar to him.

"There's no knowing what's working in those fellows' minds," Sladen said.

"I suppose not."

"I doubt if they've got feelings, most of them. There's only one I ever knew that seemed to have."

"Who was that?"

"That Bloodstone fellow that's up there now."

"Bloodstone! Oh, yes, I know him! You brought him there, did you not?"

"I brought him there, yes. That's to say, he came."

"He came—yes; but with you."

"With me, yes; he had nowhere else to go."

"Why didn't he go back to his tribe?"

"His tribe? They wouldn't help him. They don't have no boards of guardians and poorhouses among a Kichichew tribe of Redskins."

"I suppose not. And he was starving when you found him?"

"He was well-nigh starved. His shoulders stood up like the ends of clothes-pegs, and his face fell forward when I lifted him. I've seen Redskins—dead Redskins—that have been starved to death before, but I've never seen one that was so much starved, though he wasn't dead."

"And what were you doing in his country—hunting?"

"No—except as a matter of business—for the pot. I was prospecting for gold in the Whitesand Valley. You wouldn't know it, I expect."

"No, I don't. But you think Bloodstone was grateful?"

"I think so—yes. I think he would do me a good turn if he could. He never said so, of course, but when I went away—left the catchery, you know—he wanted to give me the greatest treasure he had in the world—a wampum thing—great medicine—a raw hide collar all worked in wampum and porcupine quill, really a wonderful thing. There are two other fellows of his tribe up at the catchery. I've seen them look at it in the queerest way. Evidently it's a valuable thing—in the way of medicine, I mean."

"Why didn't you take it?"

"I didn't want the medicine, thank you—Redskin medicine. It was no use to me, and it meant all the world to him."

The men smoked in silence again. Then Sladen returned to the subject:

"I don't like that wampum thing at all—that collar—it's a comic-looking thing. Somehow I feel as if it really

has some sort of medicine about it—something uncanny-like."

"Nonsense, man! Why, you're superstitious! Besides it can't affect you now, anyway. It's away up there, and you're—down here."

"I know, I know. Yes, but I've got a feeling I'll see that collar again."

"Superstition, pure superstition."

"Yes, I expect it is; and yet it's not all superstition either. When I went away and wouldn't take it, the beggar, Bloodstone said: 'You shall have it, my father. I will send it.' You know the way those fellows talk."

"I know, yes, of course; but it's all rubbish, all the same. How can he send it, and what if he does? What does he mean by it?"

"I don't know what he meant, I'm sure, but I can't help thinking about it often."

"He only wishes you good."

"Yes, he does, but still—well, I can't help it."

"You never were meant for a business man, Sladen; you're too fanciful."

"I expect I am. I haven't made much of a success of the business career anyway," he said, with some bitter humor. "I wonder what they're doing up there—at the catchery."

If Sladen had been able to see "what they were doing up there" his wonder would not have been at all diminished. The up-river settlement, the catchery, was strikingly unlike the down-river settlement, the cannery. Here, where the river flowed wide and placid over level plains, the aspect of Nature was still, and not a little dreary, though the great volume of water, flowing steadily onward, had a grandeur of restrained force. But there, where the river narrowed and flowed over a steeper channel among the foothills, its force was exhibited under no restraint. Hills, swelling into mountains eastward, formed its landscape, with the dark, tall pine trees making a solemn shade

and a thick roof overhead. In the midst of the great gloom the river itself came rushing, roaring, foaming, sparkling between the deep cliffs of gray-stone, through which it had worn its bed during the ages of its tumultuous life. Among the pines the small settlement stood, deeply embowered, smaller than the cannery establishment below, but as picturesque in itself and its surroundings as the latter was bare and ugly. Under the pines the smoke from the wigwams of the Indians and from the few plank huts crept up through the roofing trees, as it could find a way, with no heinous great chimney to guide it and to spoil the landscape. The huts and wigwams themselves were bright with the colors that the Indian folk affect, colors that did not seem too garish under the mellowing shade. Beside these buildings was the apparatus of a two-hand saw-mill, and the sheds where men constantly worked making casks that should roll down the river, with a freight of salmon, to be salvaged by the puffing little steam launch at the cannery below. Everywhere in the background, heaped in confusion, lay trunks of the great pines felled on the mountain-side and shot down the made incline till they came to a standstill on the level of the catchery. There some were sawed into planking for the casks, and some tied together raft-wise, sent floating down the river to be consumed in the cannery below, and come forth, in the form of smoke, belching from the ugly chimney.

But most interesting and most striking feature of all was the great wheel, like the paddle-wheel of a big steamer, one-quarter in and three-quarters out of water, which the force of the stream kept in perpetual rotation. Each paddle was fitted with a great scoop, its sides inclined at such an angle that when it came to the top, in the revolution of the wheel, aught that it

brought up from the rushing river was shot out by the force of gravity, on an inclined shoot of wood that led down to a building beside the water's edge—the building where the casks stood, ever ready stacked.

And that which the great wheel brought up out of the river in its big scoops could be little else than salmon. Now and again a great snag, borne along by the river, would get caught and there would be trouble, and need of much repairs. But these bodies were in no considerable proportion to the great silvery fish that the wheel kept lifting out and rolling up into the air, thence to be tilted into the wooden shoot, and so to go sliding down to the shed below, where stood men ready to deal them the death blow with a practised bludgeon, and stow them into the casks already half-packed with the rock salt that the mountains furnished. Then another packing of salt would be put upon them, and when the cask was full its head would be hammered on, it would be launched into the stream, and go whirling down, to be descried by the look-out man, who gave the word to the little steam launch. A few, no doubt, passing in the night, would go down the river and never be recovered, but long practice had taught the men the hours that the casks took, according to the height of the river, in floating down, and they timed it so that few came past the cannery after sundown.

All this varied industry went on, as a common rule, with the regularity of clockwork, to the continual roar of the great cataract that broke a few hundred yards above the catchery. This catchery, with its great wheel, was no invention of the cunning native. It may be seen on many of the European rivers in full work—only it does not catch so many salmon, because in Europe the numbers of the fish are but as one to the hundred in the American

rivers. Maybe the American fish are not of quite the same species, but they taste very similar—from a can.

At the moment that Sladen, far away down, was wondering "what they were doing" above, there was a certain disturbance of the normal course of the industry. A few men were fitfully at work, for lack of other excitement, but many were away up the mountain-sides, calling loudly, firing rifles to attract attention, shouting "Jo!" "Wolff!" "Mr. Wolff!" according to their condition in life, the color of their skins, and the consequent degree of their familiarity with the man whose notice they were anxious to attract.

But to neither the familiar nor the ceremonial shoutings did the man called upon respond, nor fire again in answer to the signals that were fired to him. It was, indeed, unlikely that his response would take this form, for he had left his rifle, as was discovered, in his hut. But for that, his absence might have been explained. Given that fact, and the further certainty that he had borrowed no rifle from a member of the settlement, his absence grew in the last degree mysterious. Had he gone for a walk, and fallen from the mountain-side at a precipitous place, even then he might have answered, or the Redskins, well used to such enterprises, might have tracked him. But all likely and unlikely steep places of the mountain had been explored, without any chancing on his person or his trail; and, as a point of fact, people in that country do not "go for a walk." Mr. Wolff, besides, would have been the last man to do so.

So he was lost; and when a man was lost at the catchery there was but one reasonable way of losing him, and that was by the river, on which swift-sliding and often tremendous roaring force of water the Redskins looked down ominously, as if upbraiding it with the kidnapping of their "boss" or their

"father," and handled their medicine things with tremulous fingers. Only Bloodstone did not handle his medicine thing, with fingers tremulous or otherwise, for he had lost his collar adorned with the porcupine quills and the wampum. He sat rather apart, on a rock, with his two friends of the "Kichichew" tribe, as it pleased the white men there to call it, and looked at the river with a solemnity which seemed to have in it a tinge of satisfaction.

Such curious interruption, then, of the normal industry happened to be in process at the moment that Sladen expressed his wonder "what they were doing," Wolff at that time having been lost, as far as could be reckoned, the better part of four-and-twenty hours.

Not being given the boon of second sight, the manager of the cannery said, in answer to Sladen's wonder:

"Doing? Same as usual, I expect."

"I suppose so," said Sladen, acquiescent. "There's the launch out again," he announced from his watch-post at the window. "They're doing good business this year, anyhow."

"Bonanza."

Then there was silence awhile. Presently came a tap at the door.

"Come in."

Two of the launch men appeared when the office door was opened.

"Something for you, Mr. Sladen," they said, grinning.

"Something for me?"

"Come and see!"

It was not a long step to the door, and there Sladen saw a cask, inscribed in large letters with "Mr. Sladen, Very Private."

The letters were branded on, and showed strongly against the white pine of the cask.

"Let's see—what can it be? Get a hammer." But at the moment the call of the "look-out" again sent the launch men flying to their work. Sladen had to fetch the hammer for himself.

"The thing says, 'Very private,'" the manager remarked, as Sladen began to hammer vigorously at the cask head.

"Very private be darned!" he answered. "I'm going to see what in thunder it all means." "Crash!" of the hammer. "It's some blamed joke, I expect," from Sladen. "Crash!" again from the hammer, and "Crack!" from the staved cask-head.

"It is giving!" said Sladen.

He edged the hammer in and levered out a split of wood. Then he looked into the cask.

"By thunder!"

"What is it?" the manager asked.

"Look!" said Sladen.

The manager peered in, then started back. "It's some great beast!"

"It is," said Sladen, in a like voice.

"It's a wolf, and a big 'un."

"It's a wolf, sure."

"And do you see what's round its neck?" Sladen asked in a fearful whisper.

"I do see something. I can't quite make out what it is."

"I can. It's the wampum collar."

When the two men had partly recovered from the surprise of their discovery the manager commented to Sladen on the significance of the legend branded on the cask-head.

"It says, 'very private,'" he observed. "We'd better finish this job in the office."

A few more prisings with the hammer forced off the cask's head, and presently they drew forth on the wood floor of the office the body of an immense wolf. The pelt was sodden with water, and a large blood-stained hole in the ribs indicated that it had been shot at very short range.

"It's only a Redskin can 'still hunt' a wolf as close as that," Sladen said significantly.

They began to discuss the aspects of the affair, but were quickly interrupted by a knocking. The manager an-

swered the knock by going to the door, holding it ajar while a letter was handed in to him, and closing it again quickly. He broke the envelope and unfolded the paper.

After a first glance at the letter he swore gently under his breath, and when he had finished reading handed the letter to Sladen without a word. It described the loss of Johann Wolff at the up-river catchery, as told above.

"How did this come?" Sladen asked, after the two men had looked in each other's eyes a moment to see that each had the thought that was in the other's mind.

"One of the Redskins from the catchery, in a canoe."

"Kichichew?"

"No, Fraser River Indian."

"He wouldn't know anything of this, then," Sladen said, with a nod of his head at the dead wolf on the floor.

"I suppose not."

"It's Kichichew work, for sure—Bloodstone's work."

"I suppose it is. Curious we should just be talking about it."

"It's no good saying anything about this, I guess?" with another nod at the grim carcass.

"Better not, I should say. Can't bring Jo Wolff back to life again. It'll be dark in an hour; then we'll just tie a stone to this fellow's neck, instead of his handsome collar, and chuck him into the river."

The significance of the evidences was fairly obvious. Wolff, the man, had died, whether by fair means or foul there was no certain mode of knowing, but probabilities made strongly for the latter alternative. Coincidentally it had happened to Bloodstone or some other of the Indians to shoot a wolf of unusual size, and immediately the idea had occurred to them that it was an incarnation of Wolff's spirit. According to an Indian's psychical notions it would seem quite a rational and nat-



ural idea to tie the wampum collar tightly round the neck of the wolf, probably before life was quite extinct, that both by its physical compression of the air passage and by its occult medicinal powers it should prevent the escape of the spirit; and, further, it would be quite in accord with Indian ideas of all that was graceful in the relations between man and man to send such an offering as this—the bestially incarnated soul of his enemy—to Jim Sladen, to whom Bloodstone owed a debt of special gratitude.

"You said you thought Bloodstone would do you a good turn if he had the chance," the manager observed grimly.

"And this was his notion of doing me a good turn! Poor Jo Wolff! I'm sure I never wished him harm."

"I'm sure you didn't."

At the catchery it was concluded that the "boss" was lost, "fell into the river and drowned—no more heard of him." The self-constituted executors, who looked into his papers, found some evidence that his accounts were not precisely square, and the benefit of the doubt thus raised went so far in Sladen's favor with the heads of the company in Vancouver that he was reinstated forthwith in his old position, vacated by the loss of Wolff, as manager of the catchery up-river.

When he entered on his duties he

Cornhill Magazine.

looked about him among the *employés* for Bloodstone, but the Indian was gone, no one knew whither. After the manner of his folk he had vanished, without notice. A few months later an Indian, in whom Sladen believed that he recognized the features of his old friend of the wampum collar, appeared and asked to be taken on as a hand. But the blue paint which had formerly streaked his face, and had earned him, with the streakings of native red, his sobriquet among the white men, had disappeared, and he took work under another name. The features of the Indians are so similar, to white men's eyes, that Sladen could never be certain whether he were the man. Once, to test him, he showed him the collar of wampum, but with true Indian impassivity the man gave no sign of recognizing it. The very impassivity, however, seemed in itself suspicious, like a piece of too artistic art; for the thing was so renowned as "medicine" among all Indians of the tribe that his lack of apparent emotion at its sight in a white man's keeping did not seem wholly natural.

"A Redskin, you see," said the Oregon man who told the tale, "a Redskin sometimes kin show gratitude some; only you can't always tell for sure what kinder shape his gratitude's gwine ter take."

Horace Hutchinson.

### WHAT DO THE CHILDREN READ?

What do London children really read? Read, I mean, in their own homes and by their own choice—away from the teacher's frown or ferule—just to feed that little spring of fancy which bubbles up in every child before the frost of life sets in? There has just been a rather absurd discussion about this in the London County Council, which ended in a fight over the merits of

Scott and Burns. But the children do not fight over books. They either love them or they do not. The jarrings of adults profane this serene region of pure, sweet loves and gentle, sad, dislikes. A truce to our own opinions. It is better to go and ask the children themselves.

On this pious pilgrimage, then, I journeyed through many a curving

road and bewildering maze of streets to one of the finest elementary schools that London possesses—a school with the musical name of “Beethoven” Street, which the parents pronounce after the fashion of the vegetable. Here, if anywhere, I should find children who read—children who have tastes of their own and follow them—the children of that earnest class of the thrifty poor now climbing up the ladder of learning to the seats of the mighty.

Let us look first at the little school library, which the old London Board founded and the Council now maintains. We shall learn something from the state of the books. What books are still fresh and new after standing in the library for many tedious months—sad, unsolicited servitors? We shall know that they are not read. What books are covered with the scars of honorable war—tattered and torn in that delightful service—marked and maimed by the thumbs of loving childhood? Ah! here is a little brigade, pensioned off in a corner, maimed out of all recognition—you have to open them to established identity. I peep reverently within the covers,—Dickens’s “Little Dorrit,” Ballantyne’s “Under the Waves,” Clark Russell’s “Wreck of the *Grosvenor*,” Henty’s “Tiger of Mysore,” a motley, capricious crew, chosen on no system of criticism or theory of education, but just for love.

Near by is another little group, so worn with that delightful warfare that they too will soon earn their rest,—Marryat’s “Midshipman Easy” and “Peter Simple,” “Lamb’s Tales from Shakespeare,” Mayne Reid’s “Young Jägers,” Stanley Weyman’s “Under the Red Robe,” Anthony Hope’s “Prisoner of Zenda.” Veterans in the strife, too, are yonder volumes of Kingsley’s “Heroes” and “Westward Ho!” In this choice there is no respect for persons. Hard by stands Kingsley’s

“Yeast,” with spruce uniform that clamors for service, but still “unspotted from the world.” Not far off is a volume of Jean Ingelow, and George MacDonald’s “Robert Falconer,” clean with courteous neglect. “They simply don’t read them,” says the master. In this warfare the frontal attack does not serve.

Let us turn from the library to the children. We will go first to the little ones between eleven and twelve—of the age when reading for love begins. It is a school where boys and girls sit and work together—a system, by the way, which seems to soften and sweeten both girls and boys. Here are clean, gentle-eyed children—the Sixth Standard of a Higher Grade school and therefore to some extent “picked”—but still typical of the intelligence of their class. With the girls it is the age of fairy tales. Grimm’s and Andersen’s are the favorites. It is also the age of “girls’ books”—that class of literature which puzzles the man almost as much as the boy—of Mrs. Molesworth, Louisa Alcott, L. T. Meade, and many others. Of these books, I soon find that Mrs. Molesworth’s “Grayling Towers” is the prime favorite, run hard by Miss Alcott’s “Little Women.”

But here and there are exceptional children—those rare flowers which are the teacher’s delight. They go farther. There was the little girl who had read “Alice in Wonderland” and “Alice in the Looking-Glass”—a thoughtful little body, grave and sweet-eyed, who had also read “Lamb’s Tales.” Then there was the bright-eyed little thing who had opened large eyes over the “Pilgrim’s Progress” and “Stories from the Canterbury Tales”; while far behind, near the wall, there stood forward a pale little person, with intense eyes—a sort of miniature Mrs. Browning—who had read “Dombey and Son,” “She,” and “The Water Babies.” Another lit-

the person had read Edna Lyall's "Donovan," but added conscientiously—"parts of it"—like the curate who found his breakfast egg good "in parts."

The boys of this age—eleven to twelve—had read far less, and, except for one bright youth who had read Stevenson's best—"Treasure Island," "Kidnapped" and "Catriona"—there were few who had wandered beyond the inevitable Ballantyne and Henty. "Old Curiosity Shop" and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" had been read by one; and there was another—a grave, dark youth—who, after much cudgeling of his memory, burst out—"Please, sir, I've got half way through 'Sandford and Merton.'" To such a position has Mr. Barlow fallen.

We end with the older girls and boys—from thirteen to fifteen—the pick of this and several other schools around. Here we leave Mrs. Molesworth and Henty behind, and pass to Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare. Kingsley still holds the field, and there is a boy who has read "Hereward the Wake," "Hypatia," and "The Heroes." Edna Lyall is much stronger with these older girls, and I find one who has read "To Right the Wrong" and another who has read "The Hardy Norseman" and "We Two." But Scott and Shakespeare tower above all this smaller fry.

Pall Mall Magazine.

The kings of literature still hold their sway. Shakespeare still receives his homage here in Beethoven Street. There is one girl who has read four plays—*Tempest*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Measure for Measure*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and is now reading *The Winter's Tale*—and "I like it very much," she says softly. There is a boy who has read, with a difference of choice full of significance, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV.*, and *King John*. The girl loves the comedies, and the boy runs to the tragedies. Both feel the call of the greatest, who is always known by the simplest. The Scott reader, closely questioned, prefers "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman" and "The Antiquary." Among them sit others who have struck out paths for themselves—one who has read "The Cloister and the Hearth," another who has read Winston Churchill's "Crossing," and a third, who—guided, I think, by his master—has read a book of Prosper Mérimée's.

But the school-bell rings, and though the well-trained little persons show no impatience, it is not fair to keep them from their play. So "Good morning, children"—"Good morning, sir," and I go out wondering whether I should find such full reading in any of our "public" schools.

Harold Spender.

### FROM WORDSWORTH TO BYRON.\*

It is a relief to have at last Mr. Brandes's admission that, in the history of European literature, English literature counts. The postponement of the tribute, however, only results from some disturbance of the chronological order of issue of the translated

volumes, and we now find it paid ungrudgingly and even with enthusiasm. Whether our literature counts at the present moment (and if so how and why) is another question. What is quite certain is that, in the past, it has counted for a great deal, has exercised

\* "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." Volume IV.: "Naturalism in

England." By George Brandes. (Heinemann, 12s. net.)

an influence both wide and deep, and has anticipated and inspired several of the great Continental movements. The Encyclopædists are deeply in the debt of the Baconians. Rousseau did not hesitate to acknowledge obligations to Richardson. Balzac's earliest models were "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe; while the romantic French school of the thirties owed more to Scott than to any literary predecessor of their own race. It might be argued, no doubt, in these cases—or at all events in most of them—that the disciples excelled the masters; but in the period under review in the present essay in criticism—the period, that is to say, from the French Revolution to the beginning of the revolt against the Holy Alliance—no such point can with any plausibility be made. The great names of that epoch, if we exclude the metaphysicians and confine our survey to poetry, fiction, and the "belles lettres," are English almost without exception. Certainly no French name, whether among those that made a noise in the world or those that were neglected, even approaches them in significance. Chateaubriand swam gracefully and artistically with the flowing reactionary tide which has long since turned and left him stranded in a back-water. Sénancour's writings—other than his hack work—are one long, helpless wringing of the hands; and his confession of failure is faithfully rendered by his epitaph:—*Eternité, deviens mon asyle*. Madame de Staël has left us the memory of an amazing personality, but no work of quite commanding merit. Benjamin Constant, though brilliantly clever, is only an interesting invalid—the typical sufferer from the *maladie du siècle*, continually cossetting and doctoring himself in vain. Joseph de Maistre was ingeniously paradoxical; but literature cannot live on paradox alone. The others, like Mme. de Souza

and Mme. de Krudener, are not even worth depreciating. And that is all that France has to show in an age in which the great English names are those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Scott, Keats, Shelley, and Byron. England, it will be observed, in that golden age, produced practically all the poetry, while France produced only a portion of the prose; and poetry is, after all, the kind of literature that wears the best, and lasts the longest, and least shows the marks of age, when we know by the calendar that it is old. A work from a Continental critic of the calibre and insight of Mr. Brandes on our poetry in this era of literary renaissance is warmly to be welcomed.

There is, perhaps, only one way in which one can profitably criticize a critic—by looking for the personal equation, and discovering the bias which upsets or steadies (according to our point of view) the equilibrium of his judgments. There is no attempt in Mr. Brandes's case to suppress the personal equation, or to conceal the bias. He has very little interest in literature as mere composition. What chiefly concerns him is always its relation to life—to the life not only of the writer but of his times, not only of his country but of the world, not only of the present but of the future. The poet for him is not merely *poeta* but *vates sacer*. Mere beauty is not all he asks from him. He requires him also to be a prophet, and, if not a politician, at least on the right side in politics. Poetry is for him, so to say, a higher kind of politics; and he always applies the political test, though without relaxing any of the others, before delivering his verdict. And his own political opinions, to which the poet is expected to conform, are clear cut and aggressive. He is, quite frankly and even somewhat obtrusively, a Radical and an anticlerical. Kings are, for

him, oppressors, and priests (including Nonconformist ministers) are the gaolers of the human spirit. Both are obstacles to human progress; both must be overthrown. Poetry is one of the weapons by which war can be waged against them. Other things being equal, he is the greatest poet who proves himself the most formidable fighter in this interminable revolutionary war. That is the fixed idea which Mr. Brandes brings to the task of criticism. It might easily have made him an unjust judge; but two things save him from ever being glaringly unfair. The first is his own feeling for beauty which enables him to enjoy Keats, even though he is painfully conscious that Keats "proves nothing." The second is the accident that the Conservatives of the period were on the whole inferior as poets to the Radicals—that Southey, for instance, cannot be preferred to Shelley by any critic of whatever political school of thought. None the less his prepossessions color his criticisms throughout, and even, on occasions, somewhat distort his point of view. His admiration for Moore is really a reflection of his enthusiasm for Robert Emmett. It seems, as it were, to give Moore an additional good mark because he did not fear to "speak of '98"; and he also appears, for purely political reasons, to make too little of Wordsworth, and too much of Byron, though that, of course, is a tendency which he shares with the generality of continental critics of our literature.

One must not say that Mr. Brandes has failed to understand Wordsworth. He has understood him and even, up to a point, enjoyed him. But his enjoyment has been marred by the poet's Conservatism, and especially by what he calls his Protestantism, and should, perhaps, more properly call his Pietism—his inclination, that is to say, to the use of modes of expression and man-

ners of thought in vogue among orthodox Christians of the milder evangelical school. The habit, no doubt, involved him in inconsistencies; since the Wordsworthian Pantheism—which is the best thing in Wordsworth—is not properly expressible in Christian formulæ, and is especially antagonistic to the kind of Christianity taught in pre-Victorian times. They are inconsistencies, however, which most of us can tolerate, knowing how hard it is, even for a poet, to "keep up" his Pantheism; and the irritation which they cause to Mr. Brandes appears exaggerated. He has the air of deliberately punishing—we had almost written bullying—Wordsworth for giving way to them. He reminds him that there is nothing essentially ennobling in the mere act of living in the country, suggests that he vegetated there, and even quotes with gusto Dickens's description of him as "a dreadful old ass" and another contemporary's representation that he "blew like a whale and uttered truisms in an oracular tone." It is a true complaint, of course, but not really an important part of the truth. The "longueurs" of Wordsworth, rightly considered, represent the long journey which his slow-moving genius had to take in order to reach the heights to which he beckons us. The reader is not obliged to travel all the way with him, but may, so to put it, meet him by appointment at the journey's end, avoiding "Spade with which Wilkinson has tilled his lands," and resolutely declining to allow anything of that sort to impede his appreciation of "The world is too much with us," and

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty  
voice.

And that, no doubt, is what Mr. Brandes himself would have felt if he were less of a politician, and if Conserva-



tism and orthodox Christianity were not to him like red rags to a bull.

Very different is his treatment of Byron, to whom the whole book leads up as to a dramatic curtain and culmination, the "argument" being somewhat as follows:—The purpose of poetry is to assert and celebrate the emancipation of the human spirit from the fetters of political and ecclesiastical control—to carry out, in its own sphere, and by the means proper to it, the work begun by the French Revolution, and cynically set back by the Holy Alliance. The poet must be an artist, of course; but the great poet must also be a rebel. That he should be an enlightened patriot is much; but that he should be an enlightened cosmopolitan is more. These being our standards, let us apply our tests, and see which of the poets bear them and which break down under them. The poets of the so-called Lake School break down at once. The French Revolution, after having inspired them, frightened them. They became renegades. Having seen the better, they preferred the worse; having put their hands to the plough, they turned back. Wordsworth took to Christianity and Conservatism, Southey to Christianity and hack work, Coleridge to Christianity, muddle-headed metaphysics, and opium. Let them, therefore, be bowed, or kicked, out of the competition according to their merits. Moore, Scott, and Campbell stand for nationalism and for nothing more. The best of them only understand political freedom—the sort of freedom that "shrieked when Kosciusko fell"; they do not perceive that, even under a constitutional Government, the human spirit may be enslaved. Let them too be dismissed. Keats is very beautiful, but inadequate, because purely sensuous. Landor had the right ideals in the main; but he was crotchety, and not born to

command; "he had not the power of inspiring a multitude of other minds." Shelley had the root of the matter in him. He breathed the very spirit of defiance, making it also a spirit of beauty. In religion as well as in politics he was the most uncompromising Radical of the band. But he died without coming into his kingdom; and he was too vague and ethereal—too much, to quote another critic, the "beautiful, ineffectual angel"—to command attention, exert authority, and exercise direct and immediate influence. He inspired his generation by first inspiring Byron, whose voice was louder, and who could, indeed, like the west wind,

Drive his dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth,

Mr. Brandes's essay in criticism is really, therefore, a romance, with Byron for its hero. He is not, it is true, even in this case, a shameless and unblushing hero-worshipper. He is under no illusions as to the value of "Hours of Idleness" and of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." With Byron no less than with Wordsworth he can find fault. But the tone in which he does so is very different. Partly, perhaps, the reason for his greater leniency towards shortcoming is that he has been, as he tells us, though in more modest words, a bit of a Byron himself. He was once driven from Copenhagen, as Byron was driven from London (though on other grounds) by the Danish mania for petty persecution, and has found in his experience of the bitterness of exile a bond of sympathy with the English poet. Mainly, however, the change in his critical temper is due to his perception that Byron gradually developed the ideals which Wordsworth gradually discarded. He can be tender to

his hero's faults, because his hero grew out of them; he cannot be severe upon his orgies and his addiction to rum and water, because he views these. If not as a part of his general scheme of revolt, at least as essentially instrumental in the formation of his audaciously rebellious spirit.

Here, of course, we have, in an extreme form, the Continental view of Byron. In England he has been largely accepted for what Continental critics would consider the wrong reasons—because "Don Juan" is amusing, because "Childe Harold" is full of graphic descriptions of scenery, or because of the morbid sentimentalism of "The Corsair." For Europe—and perhaps for Mr. Brandes more than for any one else in Europe—he is, above all things, the poet of Revolution. He defies old-fashioned theology; he mocks at conventional morality; and he shakes his fist in the face of the Holy Alliance. There is a certain sort of English reader who regards him as great "in spite of" these excesses, as he considers them. It is precisely because of them that he is great in the eyes of Europe and of Mr. Brandes. He is for Mr. Brandes the great prison breaker—the one man who successfully burst the bars against which weaker spirits beat in vain, and behind which meaner spirits resigned themselves to dwell. "Don Juan" is great for him,

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not because of its rollicking humor or the idyllic charm of the Haidée episode. The jests and the idyll are only incidentally contributory to its greatness. It is fundamentally great because it is "a passionate work, instinct with political purpose, full of wrath, scorn, threats, and appeals, with from time to time a loud, long blast on the revolutionary war trumpet." Only an Englishman, Mr. Brandes is good enough to add, could have blown that trumpet quite as Byron blew it, or have been capable of such withering scorn towards Principalities and Powers. Only an Englishman could have written:—

Shut up the bald-coot bully Alexander!  
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;  
Teach them that "sauce for goose is  
sauce for gander,"  
And ask them how *they* like to be in  
thrall.

Granted. Even Victor Hugo denouncing Napoleon the Little from the Guernsey beach never rose quite to these heights, his style being too polished, and his hatred unsupported by humor; and, if Mr. Brandes is right in holding that this sort of thing is what poetry is principally for, then there can be no doubt whatever that he is also right in placing Byron head and shoulders above every other poet of his period.

## PETER'S MOTHER.\*

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

### CHAPTER I.

Above Youlestone village, overlooking the valley and the river, and the square-towered church, stood Barracombe House, backed by Barracombe

Woods, and owned by Sir Timothy Crewys, of Barracombe.

From the terrace before his windows Sir Timothy could take a bird's-eye view of his own property, up the river and down the river; while he also had

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the felicity of beholding the estate of his most important neighbor, Colonel Hewel, of Hewelscourt, mapped out before his eyes, as plainly visible in detail as land on the opposite side of a narrow valley must always be.

He cast no envious glances at his neighbor's property. The Youle was a boundary which none could dispute, and which could only be conveniently crossed by the ferry, for the nearest bridge was seven miles distant, at Brawnnton, the old post-town.

From Brawnnton the coach still ran once a week for the benefit of the outlying villages, and the single line of rail which threaded the valley of the Youle in the year 1900 was still a novelty to the inhabitants of this unfrequented part of Devon.

Sir Timothy sometimes expressed a majestic pity for Colonel Hewel, because the railway ran through some of his neighbor's best fields; and also because Hewelscourt was on the wrong side of the river—faced due north—and was almost buried in timber. But Colonel Hewel was perfectly satisfied with his own situation, though sorry for Sir Timothy, who lived within full view of the railway, but was obliged to drive many miles round by Brawnnton Bridge in order to reach the station.

The two gentlemen seldom met. They lived in different parishes, and administered justice in different directions. Sir Timothy's dignity did not permit him to make use of the ferry, and he rarely drove further than Brawnnton, or rode much beyond the boundaries of his own estate. He cared only for farming, whilst Colonel Hewel was devoted to sport.

The Crewys family had been Squires of Barracombe, cultivating their own lands and living upon them contentedly, for centuries before the Hewels had ever been heard of in Devon, as all the village knew very well; where-

fore they regarded the Hewels with a mixture of good-natured contempt and kindly tolerance. The contempt was because Hewelscourt had been built within the memory of living man, and only two generations of Hewels born therein; the tolerance because the present owner, though not a wealthy man, was as liberal in his dealings as their squire was the reverse.

In the reign of Charles I., one Peter Crewys, an adventurous younger son of this obscure but ancient Devonshire family, had gained local notoriety by raising a troop of enthusiastic yeomen for his Majesty's service; subsequently his own reckless personal gallantry won wider recognition in many an affray with the parliamentary troops; and on the death of his royal master, Peter Crewys was forced to fly the country. He joined King Charles II. in his exile, whilst his prudent elder brother severed all connection with him, denounced him as a swashbuckler, and made his own peace with the Commonwealth.

The Restoration, however, caused Farmer Timothy to welcome his relative home in the warmest manner, and the brothers were not only reconciled in their old age, but the elder made haste to transfer the ownership of Barracombe to the younger, in terror lest his own disloyalty should be rewarded by confiscation of the family acres.

A careless but not ungrateful monarch, rejoicing doubtless to see his faithful soldier and servant so well provided for, bestowed on him a baronetcy, a portrait by Vandyck of the late king, his father, and the promise of a handsome sum of money, for the payment of which the new baronet forebore to press his royal patron. His services thus recognized and rewarded, old Sir Peter Crewys settled down amicably with his brother at Barracombe.

Presumably there had always been an excellent understanding between them. In any case no question of divided interests ever arose.

Sir Peter enlarged the old Elizabethan homestead to suit his new dignity; built a picture-gallery, which he stocked handsomely with family portraits; designed terrace gardens on the hillside after a fashion he had learnt in Italy, and adopted his eldest nephew as his heir.

Old Timothy meanwhile continued to cultivate the land undisturbed, disdaining new-fangled ideas of gentility, and adhering in all ways to the customs of his father. Presently, soldier and farmer also passed away, and were laid to rest side by side on the banks of the Youle, in the shadow of the square-towered church.

Before the house rolled rich meadows, open spaces of cornland, and low-lying orchards. The building itself stood out boldly on a shelf of the hill; successive generations of the Crewys family had improved or enlarged it with more attention to convenience than to architecture. The older portion was overshadowed by an imposing south front of white stone, shaded in summer by a prolific vine, which gave it a foreign appearance, further enhanced by rows of green shutters. It was screened from the north by the hill, and from the east by a dense wood. Myrtles, hydrangeas, magnolias, and orange-trees flourished out-of-doors upon the sheltered terraces cut in the red sandstone.

The woods of Barracombe stretched upwards to the skyline of the ridge behind the house, and were intersected by winding paths, bordered by hardy fuchsias and delicate ferns. A rushing stream dropped from height to height on its rocky course, and ended picturesquely and usefully in a waterfall close to the village, where it turned an

old mill-wheel before disappearing into the Youle.

If the Squire of Barracombe overlooked from his terrace garden the inhabitants of the village and the tell-tale doorway of the much-frequented inn on the high-road below—his tenants in the valley and on the hillside were privileged in turn to observe the goings-in and comings-out of their beloved landlord almost as intimately; nor did they often tire of discussing his movements, his doings, and even his intentions.

His monotonous life provided small cause for gossip or speculation; but when the opportunity arose, it was eagerly seized.

In the failing light of a February afternoon a group of laborers assembled before the hospitably open doors of the Crewys Arms.

"Him baint been London ways vor upward of vifdeen year, tu my zurtain knowledge," said the old road-mender, jerking his empty pewter upwards in the direction of the terrace, where Sir Timothy's solid dark form could be discerned pacing up and down before his white house.

"'Tis vur a ligacy. You may depend on't. 'Twas vur a ligacy last time," said a brawny ploughman.

"Volk doan't git ligacies every day," said the road-mender, contemptuously. "I zays 'tis Master Peter. Him du be just the age when byes du git drubblezum, gentle are zimple. I were drubblezum myself as a bye."

"'Twas tu fetch down this 'ere London jintleman as comed on here wi' him to-day, I tell 'ee. His cousin, are zuch like. Zame name, anyways, var James Coachman zaid zo."

"Well, I telled 'ee zo," said the road-mender. "He's brart down the nextest heir, var tu keep a hold over Master Peter, and I doan't blame 'un."

"James Coachman telled me vive

minutes zince as zummat were up. 'Ee zad such arders var tu-morrer morning, 'ee says, as niver 'ee had befar," said the landlord.

"Thart James Coachman weren't niver lit tu come here," said the roadmender, slyly. His toothless mouth extended into the perpetual smile which had earned him the nickname of "Happy Jack," over sixty years since, when he had been the prettiest lad in the parish.

"He only snicked down vor a drop o' brandy, vur he were clean rampin' mazed w' tuth-ache. He waited till pretty nigh dusk var the ole ladies tu be zafe. 'Ee says they du take it by turns zo long as daylight du last, tu spy out w' their microscopes, are zum zuch, as none of Sir Timothy's volk git tarking down this ways. A drop o' my zider might git tu their 'yeds," said the landlord, sarcastically, though they drinks Sir Timothy's by the bucket-vull up to Barracombe."

"'Tis stronger than yars do be," said Happy Jack. "There baint no warter put tu't, Joe Gudewyn. The warter-varl be tu handy vur yure brewin'."

"Zum of my customers has weak 'yeds, 'tis arl the better for they," said Goodwyn, calmly.

"Then charge 'em accardin', Mr. Landlord, charge 'em accardin', zays I. Warter doan't cost 'ee nart, du'un?" said Happy Jack, triumphantly.

"'Ere be the doctor goin' on in's trap, while yu du be tarking zo," said the ploughman. "Lard, he du be a vast goer, be Joe Blundell."

"I drove zo vast as that, and vaster, when I kip a harse," said the roadmender, jealously. "'Ee be a young man, not turned vifty. I mind his vather and mother down tu Cullacott befar they was wed. Why doan't he go to the war, that's what I zay?"

"Sir Timothy doan't hold w' the war," said the landlord.

"Mar shame vor 'un," said Happy Jack. "But me and Zur Timothy, us made up our minds tu differ long ago. I'm arl vor vighting vurriners—Turks, Rooshans, Vrinchmen; 'tis arl one tu I."

"Why don't 'ee volunteer thyself, Vather Jack? Thee baint turned nointy ylt, be 'ee?" said a laborer, winking heavily, to convey to the audience that the suggestion was a humorous one.

"Ah, zo I wude, and shute Boers w' the best on 'un. But the Governmint baint got the zince tu ax me," said Happy Jack, chuckling. "The young volk baint nigh zo knowing as I du be. Old Kruger wuden't ha' tuke in I, try as 'un wude. I be zo witty as iver I can be."

Dr. Blundell saluted the group before the inn as he turned his horse to climb the steep road to Barracombe.

No breath of wind stirred, and the smoke from the cottage chimneys was lying low in the valley, hovering over the river in the still air.

A few primroses peeped out of sheltered corners under the hedge, and held out a timid promise of spring. The doctor followed the red road which wound between Sir Timothy's carefully enclosed plantations of young larch, passed the lodge gates, which were badly in need of repair, and entered the drive.

## CHAPTER II.

The justice-room was a small apartment in the older portion of Barracombe House; the low windows were heavily latticed, and faced west.

Sir Timothy sat before his writing-table, which was heaped with papers, directories, and maps; but he could no longer see to read or write. He made a stiff pretence of rising to greet the doctor as he entered, and then resumed his elbow-chair.

The rapidly falling daylight showed a large elderly, rather pompous gen-



tleman, with a bald head, grizzled whiskers, and heavy plebeian features.

His face was smooth and unwrinkled, as the faces of prosperous and self-satisfied persons sometimes are, even after sixty, which was the age Sir Timothy had attained.

Dr. Blundell, who sat opposite his patient, was neither prosperous nor self-satisfied.

His dark clean-shaven face was deeply lined; care or over-work had furrowed his brow; and the rather unkempt locks of black hair which fell over it were streaked with white. From the deep-set brown eyes looked sadness and fatigue, as well as a great kindness for his fellow-men.

"I came the moment I received your letter," he said. "I had no idea you were back from London already."

"Dr. Blundell," said Sir Timothy, pompously, "when I took the very unusual step of leaving home the day before yesterday, I had resolved to follow the advice you gave me. I went to fulfil an appointment I had made with a specialist."

"With Sir James Power?"

"No, with a man named Herslett. You may have heard of him."

"Heard of him!" ejaculated Blundell. "Why, he's world-famous! A new man. Very clever, of course. If anything, a greater authority. Only I fancied you would perhaps prefer an older, graver man."

"No doubt I committed a breach of medical etiquette," said Sir Timothy, in self-satisfied tones. "But I fancied you might have written *your* version of the case to Power. Ah, you did? Exactly. But I was determined to have an absolutely unbiassed opinion."

"Well," said Blundell, gently.

"Well—I got it, that's all," said Sir Timothy. The triumph seemed to die out of his voice.

"Was it—unsatisfactory?"

"Not from your point of view," said

the squire, with a heavy jocularity which did not move the doctor to mirth. "I'm bound to say he confirmed your opinion exactly. But he took a far more serious view of my case than you do."

"Did he?" said Blundell, turning away his head.

"The operation you suggested as a possible necessity must be immediate. He spoke of it quite frankly as the only possible chance of saving my life, which is further endangered by every hour of delay."

"Fortunately," said Blundell, cheerfully, "you have a fine constitution, and you have lived a healthy abstemious life. That is all in your favor."

"I am over sixty years of age," said Sir Timothy, coldly, "and the ordeal before me is a very severe one, as you must be well aware. I must take the risk of course, but the less said about the matter the better."

Dr. Blundell had always regarded Sir Timothy Crewys as a commonplace contradictory gentleman, beset by prejudices which belonged properly to an earlier generation, and of singularly narrow sympathies and interests. He believed him to be an upright man according to his lights, which were not perhaps very brilliant lights after all; but he knew him to be one whom few people found it possible to like, partly on account of his arrogance, which was excessive; and partly on account of his want of consideration for the feelings of others, which arose from lack of perception.

People are disliked more often for a bad manner than for a bad heart. The one is their private possession—the other they obtrude on their acquaintance.

Sir Timothy's heart was not bad, and he cared less for being liked than for being respected. He was the offspring of a *mésalliance*; and greatly overestimating the importance in which his

family was held, he imagined he would be looked down upon for this mischance, unless he kept people at a distance and in awe of him. The idea was a foolish one, no doubt, but then Sir Timothy, was not a wise man; on the contrary, his lifelong determination to keep himself loftily apart from his fellow-men had resulted in an almost extraordinary ignorance of the world he lived in—a world which Sir Timothy regarded as a wild and misty place, peopled largely and unnecessarily with savages and foreigners, and chiefly remarkable for containing England; as England justified its existence by holding Devonshire, and more especially Barracombe.

Sir Timothy had never been sent to school, and owed such education as he possessed almost entirely to his half-sisters. These ladies were considerably his seniors, and had in turn been brought up at Barracombe by their grandmother; whose maxims they still quoted, and whose ideas they had scarcely outgrown. Under the circumstances, the narrowness of his outlook was perhaps hardly to be wondered at.

But the dull immovability and sense of importance which characterized him now seemed to the doctor to be almost tragically charged with the typical matter-of-fact courage of the Englishman; who displays neither fear nor emotion; and who would regard with horror the suspicion that such repression might be heroic.

"When is it to be?" said Blundell.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"And here," said Sir Timothy, "Dr. Herslett objected, but I insisted. I won't be ill in a strange house. I shall recover far more rapidly—if I am to recover—among my people, in my native air. London stifles me. I dislike crowds and noise. I hate novelty. If I am to die, I will die at home."

"Herslett himself performs the operation, of course?"

"Yes. He is to arrive at Brawnton to-night, and sleep there. I shall send the carriage over for him and his assistants early to-morrow morning. You, of course, will meet him here, and the operation is to take place at eleven o'clock."

In his alarm lest the doctor might be moved to express sympathy, Sir Timothy spoke with unusual severity.

Dr. Blundell understood, and was silent.

"I sent for you, of course, to let you know all this," said Sir Timothy, "but I wished, also, to introduce you to my cousin, John Crewys, who came down with me."

"The Q.C.?"

"Exactly. I have made him my executor and trustee, and guardian of my son."

"Jointly with Lady Mary, I presume?" said the doctor, unguardedly.

"Certainly not," said Sir Timothy, stiffly. "Lady Mary has never been troubled with business matters. That is why I urged John to come down with me. In case—anything—happens to-morrow, his support will be invaluable to her. I have a high opinion of him. He has succeeded in life through his own energy, and he is the only member of my family who has never applied to me for assistance. I inquired the reason on the journey down, for I know that at one time he was in very poor circumstances; and he replied that he would rather have starved than have asked me for sixpence. I call that a very proper spirit."

The doctor made no comment on the anecdote. "May I ask how Lady Mary is bearing this suspense?" he asked.

"Lady Mary knows nothing of the matter," said the squire, rather peevishly.

"You have not prepared her?"

"No; and I particularly desire she and

my sisters should hear nothing of it. If this is to be my last evening on earth I should not wish it to be clouded by tears and lamentations, which might make it difficult for me to maintain my own self-command. Herslett said I was not to be agitated. I shall bid them all good night just as usual. In the morning I beg you will be good enough to make the necessary explanations. Lady Mary need hear nothing of it till it is over, for you know she never leaves her room before twelve—a habit I have often deplored, but which is highly convenient on this occasion."

Dr. Blundell reflected for a moment. "May I venture to remonstrate with you, Sir Timothy?" he said. "I fear Lady Mary may be deeply shocked and hurt at being thus excluded from your confidence in so serious a case. Should anything go wrong," he added bluntly, "it would be difficult to account to her even for my own reticence."

Sir Timothy rose majestic from his chair. "You will say that I forbade you to make the communication," he said, with rather a displeased air.

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Blundell, "but—"

"I am not offended," interrupted Sir Timothy, mistaking remonstrance for apology. He was quite honestly incapable of supposing that his physician would presume to argue with him.

"You do not, very naturally, understand Lady Mary's disposition as well as I do," he said, almost graciously. "She has been sheltered from anxiety, from trouble of every kind, since her childhood. To me, more than a quarter of a century her senior, she seems, indeed, still almost a child."

Dr. Blundell colored. "Yet she is the mother of a grown-up son," he said.

"Peter grown-up! Nonsense. A schoolboy."

"Eighteen," said the doctor, shortly. "You don't wish him sent for?"

"Most certainly not. The Christmas holidays are only just over. Rest assured, Dr. Blundell," said Sir Timothy, with grim emphasis, "that I shall give Peter no excuse for leaving his work, if I can help it."

There was a tap at the door. The squire lowered his voice and spoke hurriedly.

"If it is the canon, tell him, in confidence, what I have told you, and say that I should wish him to be present to-morrow, in his official capacity, in case of—"

It was the canon, whose rosy good humored countenance appeared in the doorway whilst Sir Timothy was yet speaking.

"I hope I am not interrupting," he said, "but the ladies desired me—that is, Lady Belstone and Miss Crewys desired me—to let you know that tea was ready."

The canon had an innocent surprised face like a baby; he was constitutionally timid and amiable, and his dislike of argument, or of a loud voice, almost amounted to fear.

Sir Timothy mistook his nervousness for proper respect, and maintained a distant but condescending graciousness towards him.

"I hear you came back by the afternoon train, Sir Timothy. A London outing is a rare thing for you. I hope you enjoyed yourself," said the canon, with a meaningless laugh.

"I transacted my business successfully, thank you," said Sir Timothy, gravely.

"Brought back any fresh news of the war?"

"None at all."

"I hear the call for more men has been responded to all over the country. It's a fine thing, so many young fellows ready and willing to lay down their lives for their country."

"Very few young men, I believe," said Sir Timothy, frigidly "can resist any opportunity to be concerned in brawling and bloodshed, especially when it is legalized under the name of war. My respect is reserved for the steady workers at home."

"And how much peace would the steady workers at home enjoy without the brawlers abroad to defend them, I wonder!" cried the canon, flushing all over his rosy face, and then suddenly faltering as he met the cold surprise of the squire's gray eyes.

"I have some letters to finish before post time," said Sir Timothy, after an impressive short pause of displeasure. "I will join you presently, Dr. Blundell, at the tea-table, if you will return to the ladies with Canon Birch."

Sir Timothy rang for lights, and his visitors closed the door of the study behind them. Dr. Blundell's backward glance showed him the tall and portly form silhouetted against the window; the last gleam of daylight illuminating the iron-gray hair; the face turned towards the hilltop, where the spires of the skeleton larches were sharply outlined against a clear western sky.

"What made you harp upon the war, man, knowing what his opinions are?" the doctor asked vexedly, as he stumbled along the uneven stone passage towards the hall.

"I did not exactly intend to do so; but I declare, the moment I see Sir Timothy, every subject I wish to avoid seems to fly to the tip of my tongue," said the poor canon, apologetically; "though I had a reason for alluding to the war to-night—a good reason, as I think you will acknowledge presently. I want your advice, doctor."

"Not for yourself, I hope," said the doctor, absently.

"Come into the gun-room for one moment," said Birch. "It is very im-

portant. Do you know I've a letter from Peter?"

"From Peter! Why should *you* have a letter from Peter?" said the doctor, and his uninterested tone became alert.

"I'm sure I don't know why not. I was always fond of Peter," said the canon, humbly. "Will you cast your eye over it? You see, it's written from Eton, and posted two days later in London."

Dr. Blundell read the letter, which was written in a schoolboy hand, and not guiltless of mistakes in spelling.

*Dear Canon Birch,*

As my father wouldn't hear of my going out to South Africa, I've taken the law into my own hands. I wrote to my mother's cousin, Lord Ferries, to ask him to include me in his yeomanry corps. Of course I let him suppose papa was willing and anxious, which perhaps was a low-down game, but I remembered that all's fair in love and war; and besides, I consider papa very nearly a pro-Boer. We've orders to sail on Friday, which is sharp work; but I should be eternally disgraced now if they stopped me. As my father never listens to reason, far less to me, you had better explain to him that if he's any regard for the honor of our name, he's no choice left. I expect my mother had better not be told till I'm gone, or she will only fret over what can't be helped. I'll write to her on board, once we're safely started. I know you're all right about the war, so you can tell papa I was ashamed to be playing football while fellows younger than me, and fellows who can't shoot or ride as I can, are going off to South Africa every day.

Yours affectionately,

*Peter Crewys.*

P.S.—Hope you won't mind this job. I did try to get papa's leave fair and square first.

"I always said Peter was a fine fellow at bottom," said Canon Birch, anxiously scanning the doctor's frowning face.

"He's an infernal self-willed, obstinate, heartless young cub on top, then," said Blundell.

"He's a chip of the old block, no doubt," said the canon; "but still"—his admiration of Peter's boldness was perceptible in his voice—"he doesn't share his father's reprehensible opinions on the subject of the war."

"Sons generally begin life by differing from their fathers, and end by imitating them," said Blundell, sharply. "Birch, we must stop him."

"I don't see how," said the canon; and he indulged in a gentle chuckle. "The young rascal has laid his plans too well. He sails to-morrow. I telegraphed inquiries. Ferries' Horse are going by the *Rosmore Castle* to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock."

Dr. Blundell made an involuntary movement, which the canon did not perceive.

"I don't relish the notion of breaking this news to Sir Timothy. But I thought we could consult together, you and me, how to do it," said the innocent gentleman. "There's no doubt, you know, that it must be done at once, or he can't get to Southampton in time to see the boy off and forgive him. I suppose even Sir Timothy will forgive him at such a moment. God bless the lad!"

Dr. Blundell uttered an exclamation that did not sound like a blessing.

"Look here, Birch," he said, "this is no time to mince matters. If the boy can't be stopped—and under the circumstance he's got us on toast—he can't cry off active service—as the boy can't be stopped, you must just keep this news to yourself."

"But I must tell Sir Timothy!"

"You must *not* tell Sir Timothy."

"Though all my sympathies are with the boy—for I'm a patriot first, and a parson afterwards—God forgive me for saying so," said Birch, in a trembling voice, "yet I can't take the responsibil-

ity of keeping Peter's father in ignorance of his action. I see exactly what you mean, of course. Sir Timothy will make unpleasantness, and very likely telegraph to his commanding officer, and disgrace the poor boy before his comrades; and shout at me, a thing I can't bear; and you kindly think to spare me—and Peter. But I can't take the responsibility of keeping it dark, for all that," said the canon, shaking his head regretfully.

"I take the responsibility," said the doctor, shortly. "As Sir Timothy's physician, I forbid you to tell him."

"Is Sir Timothy ill?" The canon's light eyes grew rounder with alarm.

"He is to undergo a dangerous operation to-morrow morning."

"God bless my soul!"

"He desires this evening—possibly his last on earth—to be a calm and unclouded one," said the doctor. "Respect his wishes, Birch, as you would respect the wishes of a dying man."

"Do you mean he won't get over it?" said the canon, in a horrified whisper.

"You always want the *t's* crossed and the *i's* dotted," said Blundell, impatiently. "Of course there is a chance—his only chance. He's a d—d plucky old fellow. I never thought to like Sir Timothy half so well as I do at this moment."

"I hope I don't *dislike* any man," faltered the canon. "But—"

"Exactly," said the doctor, dryly.

"But what shall I do with Peter's letter?" said the unhappy recipient.

"Not one word to Sir Timothy. Agitation or distress of mind at such a moment would be the worst thing in the world for him."

"But I can't let Peter sail without a word to his people. And his mother. Good God, Blundell! Is Lady Mary to lose husband and son in one day?"

"Lady Mary," said the doctor, bitterly, "is to be treated, as usual, like a child, and told nothing of her hus-



band's danger till it's over. As for Peter—well, devoted mother as she is, she must be pretty well accustomed by this time to the captious indifference of her spoilt boy. She won't be surprised, though she may be hurt, that he should coolly propose to set off without bidding her good-bye."

"Couldn't we tell her in confidence about Peter?" said the canon, struck with a brilliant idea.

"Certainly not; she would fly to him at once, and leave Sir Timothy alone in his extremity."

(To be continued.)

"Couldn't we tell her in confidence about Sir Timothy?"

"I have allowed Sir Timothy to understand that neither you nor I will betray his secret."

"I'm no hand at keeping a secret," said the canon, unhappily.

"Nonsense, canon, nonsense," said Dr. Blundell, laying a friendly hand on his shoulder. "No man in your profession, or in mine, ought to be able to say that. Pull yourself together, hope for the best, and play your part."

## IRRATIONAL HABITS.

Of all the strange lesser ills to which the human mind is heir, surely one of the commonest is that odd self-distrust known to medical science as *folie de doute*. We may say at the outset that we do not pretend to deal with this subject from the medical point of view, but rather from that of the everyday observer. One of the most ordinary manifestations of this peculiarity is the unreasonable uncertainty which is often felt on retiring to bed as to whether the lights below have been properly extinguished or the windows or doors securely fastened. This seems to be so general an experience that there are probably few persons responsible for such daily duties who have not been troubled with this doubt from time to time. We are referring, of course, not to the occasional downright forgetfulness as to whether a certain duty has or has not been performed, but to that curious morbid fear that something has not been done exactly as we intended, when perhaps all the time we are conscious at the back of our mind that there is no real cause for worry. Anything connected with fire is a fruitful source of self-distrust.

The mere thought that a sitting-room fire may have been left at night dangerously alive, or that the ashes from a pipe may not have been safely disposed of, has sent multitudes on useless errands. The writer has heard of several instances where extreme care is habitually exercised in turning off the gas, so that the person's fingers should not accidentally strike the tap, and thus unwittingly turn it on again. One careful old gentleman who lived in great fear of fire was accustomed to make assurance doubly sure by undertaking a tour of the house every night and pouring water on all the fires. This proved an excellent safeguard, but occasioned some little discontent in the kitchen.

How often have some of us been impelled to read over and over again a letter we have written so as to satisfy ourselves that we have not forgotten any important detail, or that we have not expressed ourselves in a manner likely to give offence or cause perplexity. Others, again, suffer an intense dread lest a parcel or umbrella should be left in a train. This necessitates a constant looking back, as the owner

leaves his seat, to make sure that nothing has been forgotten. The poor little curate in *The Private Secretary*, who counted his "goods and chattels" several times before his mind was at ease, was a sufferer from a mild form of *folie de doute*. A consumptive patient in one of the Continental sanatoria acquired the habit of self-distrust in taking her temperature. Fearing she had not done it quite carefully, she repeated the process again and again, until the medical superintendent was obliged to take the thermometer away, and to forbid her to use one.

Like some other vices, this curious failing seems often to be merely an exaggeration of a virtue. It is very desirable that household lights and window and door fastenings should be properly attended to, that letters should be carefully and clearly written, and that we should not leave our belongings to swell the contents of the Lost Property Office. And yet it surely were better to make an occasional mistake or omission than to become a slave to this habit of unreasonable doubt. Accuracy is a great virtue, but if purchased at the expense of constant worry and uncertainty, it may be questioned whether the game is worth the candle. One difficulty, therefore, in dealing with a fault of this kind, is the fear of rooting up along with it the natural and desirable care with which a conscientious man performs his duties. If he resolves that he will just do what he has to do and then leave it, there is always the possibility that the thing may not have been satisfactorily done, and that a certain amount of looking back is found to be necessary. For any one, however, whose peace of mind is really seriously menaced, the best motto to be observed is, "Remember Lot's wife." Rather than look back, he will do well to brave the possibilities of inaccuracies and oversights, and thus will be amply repaid in the

consequent restored balance of mind and freedom from worry.

Closely allied to *folie de doute* are the "touching" and "placing" habits, which are often far more serious. They consist of the strong impulse to touch different objects, or to place them in some particular position. Every one has heard of Dr. Johnson's trick of touching the posts in Fleet Street as he passed along, and of going back if he happened to miss one. Most of us smile at the great man's little weakness, and suppose it to be the eccentricity of genius. There is little doubt, however, that the "touching" and "placing" habits are not uncommon among all kinds of people. One of the most ordinary forms is that of placing the toe of one's boot where the flags join when walking along a pavement, or of treading in the middle of a paving-stone, so that neither toe nor heel shall overlap on to the next stone. In one case a man was in the habit of putting his slippers in a precise spot on the floor of his bedroom every night, the right-hand one being always a little in advance of the left. When "chaffed" by a friend for doing this, his only excuse—an obviously lame one—was that if he had to get up suddenly he would know exactly where to find his shoes. Those who are subject to these peculiarities are not always conscious of the fact. Two men were discussing the question, and one maintained that he was entirely free from any such weakness. On being pressed, however, he was obliged to admit that he was careful when shaving always to place the top of his razor-case exactly on the lower half, so that no part should overlap. The impulse to touch objects is perhaps less common, and is probably more unreasonable. An eminent scientist once confessed that he was never able to leave a railway carriage without first tapping the window three times. This habit is occasionally ac-

quired in early life, and if noticed should be discouraged in every possible way. A certain child of eight of the present writer's acquaintance is quite uneasy in her mind if she forgets to tap herself with her slipper twice on going to bed.

It is evident that if these habits are not kept well under control, the most fantastic absurdities may arise. The most extraordinary instance which has come to the writer's knowledge is that of a man who became so possessed with the "touching" mania that he felt compelled to knock his dressing-table at each end ninety times every morning, and was entirely unable to settle for the night until his bed had been touched thirty times. As may be imagined, the habit grew to such an extent that at length a letter had to be tapped five hundred times before it could be despatched! When in such a case as this there is added the necessity—in the event of a miscount—to begin all over again, the condition becomes lamentable indeed.

Somewhat similar to the foregoing,

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though hardly to be classified with any of them, is the habit which some literary men have of fidgeting with objects when writing. A certain well-known lecturer never settles down to work unless provided with a heap of woolly fluff, which he screws up into little pellets with his left hand, the right hand meanwhile being engaged in writing. Another writer when at work invariably fingers with his unoccupied hand a child's woolly animal. Many persons who are troubled with these failings are apt to imagine them very unusual, and are often surprised to find when discussing the matter with others that the experience is no uncommon one. The very absurdities which may be developed prove sometimes the best remedy. A frank ventilation of the subject between friends, and a little wholesome ridicule, should be sufficient in many cases to prevent the habit from becoming a serious annoyance; but of course, where the milder stages have been passed and the thing has become a positive mania, it is time to call in the aid of a specialist.

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### THE PLAGUE OF BIRDS.

One of the results of the increased and growing interest in nature study in this country is a very curious one. Anyone who has much experience of country habits, or who in particular has gained insight into the standards of the present generation of boys and girls in rural districts, must be struck with a change which has taken place. "The attitude of the country boy to birds and bird-nesting has much altered in my time," said recently an inspector of elementary schools of long and wide rural experience. A change is undoubtedly in progress; and the correlative is to be seen in the increased

attention directed to nature objects in many periodicals, the more general inculcation in elementary schools of a humanitarian attitude towards wild birds and their nests, and the gradual extension to nearly all parts of the country of the influence of the restrictive spirit of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. This forms one aspect of the subject. To most thoughtful persons who have given attention to the matter these are the results which were to be expected and the change is regarded in a favorable light. Yet there is another side to the subject. It is now becoming clear that there has

undoubtedly been of late years an enormous increase in the numbers of the commoner kinds of wild birds in this country. The protective causes just mentioned have operated very powerfully in favor of these birds. Their restrictive influences happen also to have been supplemented to a marked degree by the extension of game preserving which has taken place, and which has led in some districts to the wholesale extermination of the enemies of the birds or of their eggs and young in the breeding season. The result is forcing itself on attention in many places. It is a plague of birds which is attaining serious proportions.

In many of the home counties during the fruit season one wonders at the patience and endurance of the farmer and grower, so hard hit in many other ways, as one sees the extensive and organized service of precautions which has to be undertaken against the growing depredations of the birds. On the protection of the strawberry crop and the bush-fruit crop much labor and money have to be expended. It used to be the general custom to cover only wall fruit trees with nets, but it is now by no means uncommon to see the large trees in entire cherry orchards enveloped in a veil of netting. This means the sacrifice of one year's crop as an initial outlay. Without either this device or a constant service to scare the birds no fruit would be left on the trees. Starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes, the commonest of our country birds, are the principal offenders in this respect. All three kinds of birds have increased enormously in numbers in the South of England. Any intelligent observer who has gone bird-nesting in his youth may easily convince himself of this fact by noticing in the spring the prevalence of the nests of these birds nowadays as compared with former times. All these birds devour great quantities of

both bush and tree fruit. Their appetites are enormous, and the rapidity with which they work is almost incredible. On a particular tree in a district in mid-Kent some late pears were allowed to hang last autumn until the end of September. During a few hours in which it was left unprotected a group of blackbirds managed to leave scarcely a single pear untouched of a bounteous crop, many of the larger fruit being eaten quite to the stem. It is a matter of common knowledge how greatly the sparrows have increased in many parts of England with the continuous growth of towns and the comparative safety these birds enjoy in urban neighborhoods during the nesting season. In the autumn the sparrows come to fields some distance round London in almost incredible numbers just as the grain is ripening. The farmers say the birds come down from London for the season like the hoppers and bring their young ones with them. It must be heart-breaking to the cultivator of the land who has to live by the hard-won produce to see the havoc wrought by these birds. The writer a season or two ago walked along the edge of a seventy-acre wheat-field just beyond the Outer London district. There had been a scarcity of labor for a day or two in scaring the birds, and the sparrows had settled on the crop in vast crowds. He walked deep into the wheat in several directions, but was unable to find a single ear containing grain. It had all been picked out and nothing of value remained but the straw. All the excuses which used to be made for the sparrow as to the supposed services rendered to the agriculturist have now been exploded. He is known to be exclusively vegetarian, and so much a parasite on man and his labors that he is never found in woods or remote rural districts apart from human habitations. The rat is indeed a comparatively

harmless creature compared with the common sparrow. In the country he will rob a wheat-field of its harvest in the manner described. In the suburban garden he will clear the rows of young peas as they appear above ground equally systematically. In the flower garden he will take the foliage of the pinks or carnations, or the blooms of the polyanthus, clearing the season's growth in a few days with the same businesslike thoroughness.

Another most destructive bird which has much increased in numbers in recent years in the South of England is the lesser blue-tit. This little bird is a great favorite in suburban gardens, where boxes are often put up for it to nest in, and where in the winter time it is a common practice to hang out pieces of cocoa-nut for it to feast on. The havoc which this bird works is wrought in the winter time in gardens and fruit plantations. Its favorite food at this season consists of the next season's buds of the red currant and gooseberry bushes. The damage which one little creature will work in a day is astonishing, and can hardly be credited by anyone who has not actually seen it. The bird will alight on a twig of a gooseberry bush and clear every little rolled-up bud in which lies all the hidden promise of next season. It will rapidly go through the bush in this way. The birds come in family parties day after day to the same places, working systematically. The damage is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye until the following spring, when the bush is like a blind giant, full of sap but unable to grow through having all its eyes picked out. Many of them die in part or altogether, and numbers are permanently injured. Gardeners do not always put the injury down to

the true cause, and bullfinches—most destructive birds in other ways and greatly on the increase—are sometimes blamed. A few months back the writer went over a fine old country place in one of the home counties, which had recently become vacant through the death of the owner. Noticing the well-known maimed look and the absence of promise of fruit on most of the fruit bushes, he spoke of it to the coachman, who accompanied him. "Yes," said he, with a grim smile, "it's them bullfinches. The old master wouldn't hear of touching 'em; but when the furniture went the gardener got a gun and the morning after shot over twenty of 'em."

There is no doubt that if the tillers of the soil were as vocal and had as much access to the periodical press as nature-lovers and bird-lovers, a very bitter cry would go up throughout the land against the increasing bird-plague and the damage that is being done. The increase in game preserving has been mentioned as a secondary cause which operates by diminishing the number of the birds' natural enemies. It is no doubt a cause which has to be taken into consideration. The magpie, for instance, is a great destroyer of eggs and young birds. It used to be a fairly common bird in the south of England a few generations ago. But over wide districts in Kent, Surrey and Sussex it has practically become extinct through the war waged against it. One may live for years in the country in these counties now without seeing one. The same may be said in lesser degree of the jay and some other bird enemies proscribed by game-keepers. The balance of nature is tending to be disturbed.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., announce that the literary executors of the late Cardinal Newman have entrusted to Mr. Wilfrid Ward the task of writing the Cardinal's biography.

Mr. Murray announces that the preparation of "The Letters of Queen Victoria," under the editorship of Mr. A. C. Benson and Lord Esher, is progressing rapidly, but that, owing to the immense mass of materials to be dealt with, it cannot be ready before the beginning of next year.

Among the autumn announcements of Little, Brown & Co. is "The Oak Tree Fairy Book," a volume prepared by Mr. Clifton Johnson, and illustrated by Mr. Willard Bunte with eleven full-page plates and seventy-five smaller pictures. Mr. Johnson has carefully pruned away everything savage and painful, even to the very sad passages.

The Academy is led to wonder whether many out of the thousands who recently watched the Eton v. Harrow match knew that in 1805 Byron played for Harrow in the first of these famous encounters. Lillywhite's "Cricket Scores" gives us the following records. Under Harrow, first innings: "Lord Byron, c. Barnard 7; second innings: b. Carter 2." And under Eton.—Kaye, Esq. b. Byron 7."

Miss Carolyn Wells is on the autumn list of W. A. Wilde & Co. Her book is "The Dorrance Domain," a lively story of a family of children whose riotous mischief sorely tried the grandmother to whose care they were intrusted until the "Dorrance Domain" opened a way of escape, to the great content of every one. The book will

be illustrated by Mr. William F. Stecher, and is intended for young girls.

The Athenæum records a literary duel in Paris which had nothing to do with journalism. A gentleman who thought himself intended by an unflattering portrait in "Gyp's" last novel wrote her a letter which led to a challenge by Comte de Martel de Janville, her husband. When the gentlemen met, the Count alone fired, missed, and the affair was over. The incident suggests that the responsibilities of the husband of a literary woman might become somewhat oppressive.

The autumn list of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. includes the following announcements: "The Secret of the Totem," by Mr. Andrew Lang, described as "an attempt to establish the origin and trace the evolution of Totemism in primitive society"; "Lectures on Medieval English History," by the late Bishop Stubbs, edited by Mr. Arthur Hassall; "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.," by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, in two illustrated volumes; "The Scientific Temper in Religion, and other Addresses," by the Rev. P. N. Waggett; "Addresses to Cardinal Newman, with his Replies, 1879-81," edited by the late Rev. W. P. Neville—uniform with Cardinal Newman's "Meditations and Devotions"; "The Holy Scriptures; their Origin, Authority, and Interpretation," by Dr. William Barry—one of several volumes in preparation for "The Westminster Library"; "Counsel for the Young: being Selections from Letters, &c.," by the late Bishop Creighton; and "Everyday Life among the Head-Hunters, and other experiences from East to West," by Dorothy Cator.

